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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXI. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXVI.

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THE GIFT OF THE SEA.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE dead child lay in the shroud
And the widow watched beside;
And her mother slept and the Channel swept
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the widow laughed at all.
"I have lost my man in the sea,
And the child is dead. Be still," she said,
"What more can ye do to me?"

And the widow watched the dead,
And the candle guttered low,
And she tried to sing the Passing Song
That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,
"That lay against my heart."
And "Mary, smooth your crib to-night,"
But she could not say "Depart."

Then came a cry from the sea,
But the sea-rime blinded the glass,
And, "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said;
"Tis the child that waits to pass."

And the nodding mother sighed.
"Tis a lambing ewe in the whin.
For why should the christened soul cry out,
That never knew of sin?"

"Oh, feet I have held in my hand,
Oh, hands in my heart to catch,
How should they know the road to go,
And how should they lift the latch?"

They laid a sheet to the door,
With the little quilt atop,
That it might not hurt from the cold or the
dirt,
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch
And strained her eyes to see,
And opened the door on the bitter shore
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,
There was neither spirit nor spark,
And, "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said,
"Tis crying for me in the dark."

And the nodding mother sighed,
"Tis sorrow makes ye dull,
Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
Or the wail of the wind blown gull?"

"The terns are blown inland,
The grey gull follows the plough.
'Twas never a bird the voice I heard,
Oh, mother, I hear it now!"

"Lie still, dear lamb, lie still,
The child is passed from harm,
'Tis the ache in your breast that broke your
rest,
And the feel of an empty arm."

She put her mother aside,
"In Mary's name let be!
For the peace of my soul I must go," she said,
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,
Where the twisted weed was piled,
She came to the life she had missed by an
hour,
For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast
And back to her mother she came,
But it would not feed, and it would not heed,
Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,
And her own in the shroud lay stark,
And, "God forgive us, mother," she said,
"We let it die in the dark!"

English Illustrated Magazine.

EVENING.

Now night begins to fall;
The swift fern-owl is gliding
Around the oak-tree tall;
Forth flutter, one and all,
The bats, from dusty hiding
In barn and crannied wall.

Within the ivy brakes,
The solemn wood-owl sitting,
From his day-sleep awakes,
And drowsy hooting makes;
Great dusky moths are flitting,
Like soft, breeze-tossed snowflakes.

Through rushes tall and lank
Sadly the wind is sighing,
O'er bending osier bank,
And reed-bed green and dank;
A soft grey mist is lying
Where grass grows thick and rank.
Leisure Hour. C. J. L.

TO A LOST LOVE.

OH, thou art cold! In that high sphere
Thou art a thing apart,
Losing in saner happiness
This madness of the heart.

And yet, at times, thou still shalt feel
A passing breath, a pain;
Disturb'd, as though a door in heaven
Had oped and closed again.

And thou shalt shiver, while the hymns,
The solemn hymns shall cease;
A moment half remembers me:
Then turn away to peace.

Academy.

From The National Review.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL LIFE IN HOLLAND.

SINCE increased facilities of communication between the two countries yearly add to the number of English people who visit Holland, some of whom afterwards publish their impressions of the land and of its people, it is hoped that no apology is needed for the writer's attempt to explain some aspects of Dutch life from the Dutch point of view and in the light of past history. True, "there is a mystery in all affections which rise above vulgar instincts ; it is thus with the love of country. . . . The patriot sees in her more than can be seen by those who are without." (Aubrey de Vere.) This primary difficulty is increased by the fact that Holland is isolated from the rest of the world by her language, which is as little known beyond her frontiers as Hungarian out of Hungary, and which few foreign residents take the trouble to learn. However, though the present writer does not expect to make foreign readers "see what only the patriot sees," partial success may be attained in removing some prejudices, enlisting some sympathies, and awakening some kindly interest.

It is not unnatural to expect that English people should feel an interest in the country that gave them one of their greatest kings, and in the nation to which their own Bentincks and Keppels belonged only two centuries ago. Besides, no one who is at all acquainted, either through Motley's eloquent pages or otherwise, with the history of Holland, can doubt that a people that accomplished such great things in a not remote past must be possessed of those very qualities which Englishmen admire most : patriotism, the love of liberty, courage, endurance, tenacity of purpose, perseverance. Indeed, no continental nation has equal claims to the sympathy of Englishmen, if, at least, resemblance of character is a ground for sympathy, which between individuals is not always the case. It is a fact that the two nations have much in common, not only the qualities just mentioned, but many other characteristics, such as honesty in the widest sense of the word, dis-

like of mere sentimentality and of every kind of humbug, a practical and utilitarian turn of mind, impatience of aimless speculation, a desire always to arrive at fixed conclusions, the predominance of the reasoning over the imaginative faculties. They are alike in a reserved manner, often covering real kindness of heart, in the love of home, in the depth and constancy of family affections, and, as far as the majority is concerned, in the possession of a faith which acknowledges no human authority. Of course these statements must be taken very broadly, and admit of many exceptions in Holland as well as in England. Of late years a good many books and magazine articles have been written about Holland in different languages, but they are generally written purely from the tourist's point of view. Many of them abound in charming descriptions of town or country ; indeed, the foreigner often has more appreciation of the peculiar beauties of the Dutch landscape and of the old Dutch towns than the native to whom they are familiar from childhood. Not all Hollanders would have agreed with the remark made to the writer by the late custodian of the famous collection of drawings at Vienna, known as the "Albertina," who, when looking over some old Dutch drawings by Van Goyen and others, full of the mysterious charm that is due to the watery atmosphere of Holland, exclaimed : "Give me your skies, and I will give you all our Alps ! "

When the foreign writer, however, attempts to draw a picture of manners and customs, or to give an insight into the national mind and character, the result is frequently more or less of a caricature. The separate statements may be correct, but the conclusions drawn from them are often utterly false. It is always difficult to generalize, it is doubly so where, as in Holland, there is so much variety in such a small compass. For instance, an English visitor goes to stay with some family in a small provincial town ; he or she cannot possibly judge of the social status of that family, but naturally takes their own estimate of themselves as representative of the "upper classes" in Holland, and goes home to write an article full of petty

gossip and domestic details, which may be quite true as far as that particular family and their friends and that special town are concerned, but which certainly do not apply, for instance, to life at the Hague or in the châteaux of Utrecht and Gelderland. For obvious reasons, we do not intend to match these pictures with others of the same kind. We would rather endeavor to give the reader such insight into Dutch life, in some of its aspects, as will prevent him from believing the one-sided accounts of imperfectly informed travellers, and may perhaps help him to understand what he sees in Holland, if perchance he should visit that country.

No people can be rightly understood without a knowledge of its history; this is particularly the case with the Dutch people, and as we dwell on the striking differences between them and either their Teuton or their Belgian neighbors, we are carried back again and again to remote historical causes.

Though the republic was anything but a democracy, and the distinction between the governing classes and the governed was never more clearly marked than in Holland before the Revolution of the end of the last century, yet the spirit of independence which made our forefathers carry on the eighty years' war against Spain is alive still among high and low, and shows itself in the absence of anything like obsequiousness, in a sturdy determination to judge and act for oneself, often, it must be added, in an impatience of even legitimate control. This spirit was noticed among the peasantry at a time when their class in Germany and France were in a state bordering on serfdom; it was certainly partly the result of the comparative material prosperity which they enjoyed. The French ambassador, Aubrey Du Maurier, writing in the early part of the seventeenth century, relates an incident which, slight though it be, is very much to the point. While the banished king of Bohemia, son-in-law to James I., was living in Holland as the guest of the States, it happened that when hunting one day he forgot where he was in the excitement of the chase, and trespassed on the property of a farmer; immediately the

man and his servant appeared armed with pitchforks, and the king was obliged to apologize and beat a hasty retreat. It is no wonder that the French ambassador thought the story worth telling in his memoirs.

Not less strongly marked is the national love for the house of Orange. That love was born in the dark night of deepest national distress; it grew amid perils met together and victories won under the leadership of her princes; it was often checked by unpopular acts and even grave faults on the one side and by jealousies and party spirit on the other, and it was apparently drowned by the tide of revolution, but even then there were many who clung to the beloved house with a romantic attachment surprising in a matter-of-fact people; and at the present moment there is no doubt as to the loyalty of the nation as a whole. The deaths of the king's sons were national sorrows, and the young princess, born in 1880, our future queen (whose mother, the king's second wife, is sister to the Duchess of Albany), naturally appeals to the chivalrous instincts as well as to the loyal feelings of the nation.

A very brief review of the past relations of the house of Orange with the Netherlands will not, we trust, be deemed out of place here.

The Dutch people are not likely ever to forget the debt they owe to William the Silent and to his sons Maurice and Frederick Henry, who are well known to most English readers by the brilliant pictures drawn by Motley in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "The United Netherlands." Frederick's son, William II., died at twenty-four years of age, too early to fulfil the promise of his youth. After his death, in 1650, his wife Mary, the daughter of King Charles I. of England, gave birth to a son; but, as the stadholdership, though it had been held successively by the four first Princes of Orange, was not hereditary, the States of Holland, who had all along been jealous of the power and influence of the house of Nassau, eagerly seized the opportunity to abolish the office, tacitly at first, formally in 1667 by an edict which they presumptuously called "eternal."

The edict was repealed five years afterwards, when the terrible invasion of Louis XIV., coinciding with a war against England, brought the country to the verge of ruin, and made men look out eagerly for a leader, who could be no other than the Prince of Orange, at that time twenty-two years of age. After a fearful outbreak of popular fury, which culminated in the well-known murder of the De Witt brothers, the prince was named "captain-general," or commander-in-chief of the army. He scornfully rejected the terms of peace proposed by Louis, which were most humiliating for the republic, but offered William the sovereignty over the United Provinces; to the ambassadors, who predicted the certain ruin of the country if the king's terms were rejected, he made the haughty reply, "I have a sure way of not being witness to that ruin, *i.e.*, to die in defending the last bulwark!" These brave words were followed by brave deeds, and before the end of the year the prince had carried the war beyond the frontiers. For sixteen years his country enjoyed the sole benefit of William's services, both in the field and in the government; and it is well known how faithful he remained to the land of his birth and to the friends of his youth after his accession to the throne of England.

With William III., the eldest and most illustrious branch of the house of Orange became extinct in the male line. Then followed the second "stadholder-less" period (1702-47), as it is called in Dutch history, though the term is correct only as far as the chief provinces are concerned. In the northern province of Friesland, a younger branch of the house of Nassau, descendants of one of the brothers of William I., had ruled as stadholders in uninterrupted succession. It is to this branch that the two latter stadholders, known as William IV. and William V., and our present royal family belong; through a female ancestor they are, however, also lineal descendants of William the Silent.

In the first years following the death of William, the government was carried on with energy and success by the able statesmen who served the republic in various offices, but the evils inherent in the

complicated form of government — to which we shall allude presently in another connection — soon became more and more apparent, especially since, from a variety of causes, a serious decline had begun in the national life itself. The Austrian War of Succession, in which the Netherlands were involved as allies of the empire, found the country but poorly prepared, and when the army of Louis XV., after conquering a great part of the Austrian Netherlands, crossed the Dutch frontier, the hopes of the country were again fixed on the house of Orange. The stadholder of Friesland, whose father had inherited the title of Prince of Orange from William III., was proclaimed stadholder in all the provinces (1747), and the office was shortly after made hereditary in both the male and female line. The war did not, however, take the alarming proportions of that of 1672, and was ended in the following year by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Neither William IV. (1747-51) nor his son William V., who succeeded him after a long minority (during part of which, till her death, in 1759, his mother, Anna, daughter of George II. of England, was regent), were equal to meet the difficulties of the times. They were lacking in the statesmanlike qualities of the great princes of their house, and William V. had to cope not only with his hereditary enemies, the proud oligarchy that looked upon the stadholder as an entirely superfluous person, but also with the large party of so-called "patriots" who had caught the revolutionary fever from France. He was, like Louis XVI., incapable of timely concession or of firm resistance, and, when the French army invaded Holland in 1795, and found, alas! too many sympathizers among the revolutionary party, the prince had no choice but to leave the country. The family remained in exile till 1814.

Meanwhile Holland reaped the bitter fruits of her alliance with France. The Batavian Republic was succeeded in 1806 by the Kingdom of Holland under Louis, brother of Napoleon, who abdicated in 1810, when the country became a part of France, and suffered — more directly than hitherto — the humiliation and tyranny of Napoleon's iron rule. After the Russian

campaign in 1813, the hopes of the old Orangist party not alone, but of the whole nation, revived, and, owing chiefly to the prompt and decided action of three men, Count Van Limburg Stirum, Van Hogendorp, and Van Der Duyn, the French rule was overthrown. When the hereditary Prince of Orange, son of William V., landed at Scheveningen on November 30th, 1813, he was hailed by all parties as a national deliverer. It was felt, however, by the more enlightened even among the old stadholder party that the past must not be revived, that the sense of national unity which had arisen of late must not be lost again in provincial narrowness, and that the Prince of Orange must become the head, not of a kind of federation, but of a united people. He was proclaimed "Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands," and was to be called William I. Thus the revolution gave the death-blow to the republic, and led to the establishment of a monarchy, in which the democratic element made itself felt as it never had in the republic. It is well known that the Congress of Vienna ratified the nation's choice, and created the kingdom of the Netherlands. Thus ended the chequered fortunes of the house of Orange.

Great as was the *rôle* of her princes in our national history, its importance need not however eclipse the fame of the men who ruled the republic with them, or, as we have seen, for two long periods (1650-1672 and 1703-1747) without the wholesome check of their influence and authority. A brief description of the origin and nature of the government under the republic is necessary to understand the position of these leading men, and also that of their descendants at the present day, though all that now remains to the latter is the prestige of belonging to a "historical family." That prestige has certainly survived the political changes of the last century, not only in the minds of those belonging to these families, but also in the estimation of the nation at large, though the fact is sometimes proved by a certain amount of jealous dislike. Only the other day, we came across the following sentence in a recent Dutch publication: "We burghers are only half just towards the nobility. Can it be that we envy the real, the historical nobility that priceless inheritance, their name and their blood, which gold cannot buy, which nothing can replace, which no human power can deprive them of?"

Five centuries of feudalism preceded the republic; all the old noble families

took rise in that time, as there was no fresh nobility during the republic. Most of the nobles were vassals of the petty sovereigns, who in their turn were feudatories of the empire; only a very few were "Imperial vassals," and "exercised exactly the same jurisdiction in their respective domains as the sovereign counts or dukes did in theirs;" among these few were the Keppels, the ancestors of the Earl of Albemarle (see "Fifty Years of My Life," by George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle). In process of time, by force of circumstances irrelevant to our present subject, provincial parliaments or states came into existence, in which the nobles and cities were both represented, the nobles, however, being by far the most influential. The war against Spain changed their relative positions. The nobles suffered severely; large numbers of them lost their lives on the battlefield or the scaffold; some kept their adherence to the old faith and retired to the "obedient" provinces. The nobility furnished many brave soldiers and able statesmen to the republic, and among them were found most of the members of the so-called Orange party, but their political influence as a body was insignificant compared with that of the municipalities. These were close corporations, which elected their own members; the burgomasters and magistrates only were named in some towns by the stadholder, whose choice was limited to one of two candidates proposed by the municipality. The towns had each one voice in the provincial states, though they might send several delegates. Eighteen cities were represented in the States of Holland, each possessing one vote; the nineteenth vote belonged to the nobility. The States of the Seven United Provinces named the States-General, in which Holland from the first acquired a decided preponderance, for the simple reason that she practically held the purse strings, as she contributed more to the national budget than all the other provinces put together. The executive power was vested partly in the stadholder, partly in the Council of State, but it frequently happened that there was no stadholder, and the functions of the Council, always ill-defined, in course of time became more and more limited, so that virtually the chief, often the sole masters of the country were the States, and indirectly the municipalities, of which they were delegates.

Amsterdam naturally took a chief place among the latter. The Hague was not a city at all, but as the seat of government

and the habitual residence of the stadt-holders, it of course was the resort, at least for a great part of the year, of the leading men and their families, many of whom made it their headquarters.

From the above it will readily be understood that the government fell into the hands of a certain number of leading families, who were called patricians in imitation of ancient Rome. As time wore on, the more important ones ceased to be mixed up with commerce; and in 1672 Sir William Temple, in his "Account of the United Provinces," speaks of the class of regents (as they were termed) as distinct from the merchant class in education and manner of life. Some of these families were remarkable for almost hereditary ability, and for generations they filled the highest offices of the State. Members of the old nobility, which had always held aloof from commercial pursuits, often entered the town councils and largely intermarried, especially in the province of Holland, with the patrician families. Together they formed the aristocracy of the country and rendered her great services, but their altogether exceptional position, unbalanced as in other countries by royal power, or, as one would expect in a republic, by some form of popular representation, ended by having bad results both for themselves and for the country at large. Their pride grew to grotesque proportions; as an instance, we were told that an old lady belonging to the *crème de la crème* of the Amsterdam Regent families, and who is remembered by people still alive, once said: "In my youth, when a prince of the empire came to Amsterdam, we did not consider him quite as good as ourselves."

The oligarchy could, of course, not stand against the flood of revolutionary ideas that swept over Holland at the end of the eighteenth century, and which might have been far less destructive, if the governing classes had been less selfish and more patriotic.

Though a century has passed since the old form of government became extinct, and time is daily bringing changes of all kinds, yet the division of classes which was so marked under the republic has not yet disappeared, and accounts for the various strata which may be observed in Dutch society, and for many small phenomena in social life which are in strange contrast with our democratic age. Most of the patrician families were ennobled by King William I. Comparatively little importance, however, is attached to the

mere possession of titles, and, except in writing, little use is made of them; but good birth is still an undoubted advantage. In fact, too much importance is attached by many to a good name in this sense; but, on the other hand, this feeling is a wholesome safeguard against the vulgar worship of mere wealth. Foreign nobility is a constant puzzle to Englishmen, and they find it difficult to dissociate the idea of a nobleman with the wealth and political privileges which are its usual accompaniments in England. In a country where all the members of a family remain "noble" (though the title of count or baron is sometimes only borne by the head of the family), and where property is divided equally or nearly so among both sons and daughters, there can be no question of an aristocracy in the English sense. But it is a matter of fact that, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, families do keep up wonderfully and comparatively few fall into decay. This is due to several causes, principally to a prominent Dutch virtue, which certainly is not romantic, not always very pleasing, but is an exceedingly useful one, and does not lack its heroic side; it is the virtue of economy. It may come perilously near to stinginess; but, on the other hand, it is generally associated with strength of character, self-control, and foresight. Respectable Dutch people — especially those who have children — generally live well within their income, and are able to make provision for them all, often, it is said, leaving each child an income equal to the parental one. People are very reticent about money matters, so that the latter statement is based on hearsay; but it is undeniable that thrift is a characteristic of respectable people of all classes.

The comparative simplicity of life, and the general dislike of mere display, make the practice of economy easier than it is in countries where the style of living among rich people is very extravagant. This, too, appears to have been a feature of Dutch life in past times, at least in the earlier days of the country's prosperity, for Sir W. Temple, who was on intimate terms with John De Witt, the famous grand pensionary of Holland, was struck, not only with his powers of mind and simplicity, and openness of character, but "scarcely less by the modest dwelling and frugal table of the first citizen of the richest State in the world" (Macaulay's "Essay on Sir W. Temple").

We say advisedly comparative simplicity, for in comparison with poorer na-

tions, the solid comfort of the houses of the upper and middle classes, enhanced by perfect order and neatness from garret to cellar, might pass for great luxury, and there are a few establishments which would be considered large in any country.

Here we may be allowed to suggest that to the Dutch lady, whose domestic habits have sometimes been sneered at by foreign writers, belongs a great share of credit for the preservation of family property. If our grandmothers had thought it beneath them to look well after the ways of their households, and had left the plate, china, and linen, which are heirlooms in most old Dutch families, to the sole custody of careless servants, if they had been extravagant and fond of display, it is not likely that there would be many homes in the Netherlands, in town and country, which have the nameless charm that only belongs to things connected with past generations, as is the case now, despite the constant subdivision of property and its present heavy taxation.

The Dutch all live in what the Scotch call "self-contained" houses, except some of the poorer classes in the towns, and the love of home in its ideal sense is united with a strong attachment to the place itself.

There is no law of entail in Holland, but great efforts are made to keep landed property in the family, especially in the case of old families. Still, it will often happen that the very château from which the family has its name has long since passed into other hands, while the family exists in numerous collateral branches. Thus the fine château of Keppel, the ancestral home of the family of that name, had become the property of another family before the time of the first Earl of Albemarle, who, on the other hand, was in the possession of other châteaux by the marriage of his ancestors with heiresses. It is clear that division of property makes it difficult to keep up an estate well, for when the eldest son has the family place he has so much less money than his brothers and sisters.

The Dutch are very clannish, and families generally very united. The smallness of the country is an advantage in this respect, for it enables sons and daughters who have scattered to meet frequently in the parents' home, or, if that has become a thing of the past, in the home of one of the brothers. Often it is a birthday that furnishes an occasion for the family gathering, for birthdays are great days in Hol-

land, where people think it a piece of affectation to conceal their age.

Our forefathers certainly set us an example of the lesser virtues that are profitable for this life, but it is a very prosaic and incomplete picture that leaves out the higher side. The glorious traditions of the past, on which the younger generations are being constantly fed, are indeed wholesome food for their young minds; and a nation may well be grateful for a history such as ours. True it is not wanting in dark pages, but what national history is? And who can balance the darker pages by more glorious ones than are written in ours? Among the pleasant recollections of the writer's childhood are the history lessons of an old Dutch master, whose patriotism and intense love of the house of Orange would kindle him into fiery eloquence before the small audience of our school room. The *naïf* and unconscious partiality of his historical judgments now seem in humorous contrast with the critical spirit of the age, and we fear the type, noble despite its faults, has passed away. Such teachers could not fail to point out to their pupils the deeply religious spirit of our ancestors, and indeed no candid historian can ignore the motive power that made them so strong. Motley says of the revolt against Spain: "The religious question swallowed all the others. There was never a period in the early history of the Dutch revolt when the provinces would not have returned to their obedience, could they have been assured of enjoying liberty of conscience or religious peace." The southern provinces, which had precisely the same political grievances as the northern ones, showed by their speedy return of allegiance to the Spanish crown how it was the religious motive, absent in their case, which nerved their brethren for their unequal contest with Spain. Nothing is more remarkable, all through the early history of Holland, than the sense of utter dependence on Almighty help that characterized these early defenders of their country; their example in this respect may serve, with many others, as a strong refutation of those who see in such dependence a sign of moral weakness, and a thing that paralyzes human energy. Contemporary histories record many spontaneous outbursts of simple thanksgiving in the very moment of deliverance from danger or of sudden victory, and also special national thanksgiving days appointed by the States on different occasions. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of copying some lines of a fine

page in Motley's history, which describes the general thanksgiving after the relief of the siege of Leyden.

The admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zelanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children, nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of Kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn; thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food, and for relieving the sick, were taken by the magistracy.

In those times few religious minds were free from a tendency to subtle theological disputes. Readers of Dutch history, in the early part of the seventeenth century, are familiar with the violence of these disputes, and the lamentable consequences in the divisions to which they gave rise. The Dutch mind still has this theological cast; it is most marked, perhaps, in the peasant class. In some villages the very air seems impregnated with theology, and men and women discuss the old problems of freewill and predestination with much the same ardor and heat with which their fathers argued them in the time of the Synod of Dort. We have been told this is a trait they have in common with some of the Scotch peasantry.

As relics of a past age so unlike our nineteenth century, these village Roundheads are most remarkable specimens of humanity; but apart from this, there is an interest and dignity attaching to these humble people, to whom the things unseen are of such vast importance, which in our estimation is lacking in those whose thoughts are merely earthbound.

One more feature of Dutch character in the past claims our brief attention. Liberality to the poor is an old Dutch virtue. As early as 1612, a certain Sculetus, who passed through Holland on his way to England in the suite of young Frederick of the Palatinate—afterwards king of Bohemia—says, after descanting on the commercial greatness of Amsterdam: "To tell the truth, I was most struck with the exemplary care taken of the sick and

poor, the aged and orphans, in buildings of such an imposing kind that I hesitate whether to call them palaces or almshouses."

The law of Holland does not acknowledge a legal right to relief drawn from the rates. On the contrary, it lays down as a rule that the relief of the poor is left to the various Churches and to private institutions, but it admits of exceptions in the case of those who cannot obtain help through these agencies, and who are in absolute destitution. The local government (we cannot use the word town council, because towns and country districts have precisely the same governing bodies) every year sets apart a sum of money for these uses. Also, in all the larger towns, there are hospitals for the sick, supported by the rates, to which the poor are admitted free of charge. In some cases subsidies are given by the authorities to charities managed by the Churches, or by private individuals, but only when it is clearly proved that the ordinary resources are not sufficient. It follows that secular and church committees must act in concert, and are bound to acknowledge what is being done one by the other. Except in the case of children, and of old or otherwise helpless people, idiots, etc., only out-of-door relief is given. The State, however, has so-called "working colonies" in the open country, to which beggars and vagrants can be sent by the magistrates, and where they are compelled to work for a small pay.

To return to the system of relief by the Churches, it must first be briefly stated that the Reformed Church of the Netherlands, which may be called the Established Church, though all recognized religious denominations (Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Baptists, etc.), are subsidized by the State as well, covers the entire country on the parochial system. The form of government is Presbyterian, and the care of the poor is the duty of (lay) deacons. We need not add that this is, of course, an unpaid office, filled by men of all ranks of society, generally, however, of the middle class, who have little time to spare. Cynical people say they find some compensation in the dignity of their office, but it is more charitable and more true to seek the clue to their disinterested and often wearisome labors in a real love to their neighbor. The wife of a young head gardener who filled the office of deacon in a large country parish told the writer that her husband took the interests of the poor so much to heart that he lay awake at night

thinking of them, and that the attendant worry almost made him ill. The deacons, as a rule, are in high estimation with the wealthier classes, and numbers of charitable people think it wiser and safer to give through their agency than directly themselves. The funds are derived partly from these spontaneous gifts and from endowments, partly from the proceeds of collections.

Every Sunday, in all the churches in town and country, two bags go round, one for the poor, the other for church expenses. Besides these, other collections are held at regular intervals. The traveller may have noticed a man with a plate-bowl going about from house to house, generally preceded by a boy from one of the orphanages, who rings the door-bell for him; this man is making the usual yearly collection at every house, irrespective of the creed of its inmates, for the poor of his church, or for its orphanage and almshouse. It is characteristic of the liberality of feeling which has always co-existed in Holland with much narrowness and intolerance that these collections are held by all the religious denominations, even by the Jewish community, and meet with some response from most householders, though, of course, the amount of the gift differs very widely according to the sympathies of the giver with the particular object in view.

Notwithstanding all this well-organized work on behalf of the poor, there is abundance of room for private effort, and it is more and more acknowledged that official relief, however wisely and kindly bestowed, can never take the place of other personal intercourse with the poor, nor of individual sympathy with their special wants and sorrows, as well as on the ground of a common humanity. Of late years, new methods have been tried of meeting the needs of the masses and of raising them to a higher moral level. Many of these are an imitation of those used in England; some of the latter have proved successful, others have failed because they were adopted wholesale, without enough regard for differences of habits, feelings, and ideas.

The situation is, in fact, widely different here from what it is in most other countries; there is much in the condition of our poorer classes to call forth the deepest feelings of pity, and to stir the energies of all who take a real interest in their welfare; the "labor question" is more and more coming to the front, and among the "unemployed" too many fall an easy

prey to designing Socialist teachers; still, owing to many causes, and among them we may justly count the national habits of industry and thrift, to which we have already alluded, the "social problems" that call for solution are not so terrible as elsewhere.

To return to the past, though we do not pretend to give an exhaustive description of all the links that bind it with the present in Dutch life, there is one more that must not be omitted; we mean the presence of a large number of originally French families, descendants of the Huguenot refugees, who from time to time, especially at that of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, found shelter here, as many others did in England. As is the case there, they have amalgamated entirely with the people of their adopted land, and are found among all classes; even among the very poor one comes across such names as *Chef d'Hôtel* or *Carrière*. These refugees were for the most part a real acquisition to their new fatherland, and amply repaid the kindness and generosity showed them. No exact estimate of their numbers can be made, but they must have been very numerous, for in the year 1688 there were no less than sixty-two French or "Walloon" churches in the Netherlands. The so-called "Walloon" churches (which name now designates all the French churches in Holland) had an earlier origin; they were established by Protestant refugees from the Walloon provinces of the southern Netherlands, who settled in the north to escape the Spanish domination. From them, it may be mentioned incidentally, some of our best families have sprung. Seventeen Walloon churches still exist, with twenty-five pastors, and they are considered as part of the Established Church. Except in the larger towns, they no longer have any *raison d'être*, and there is something rather ludicrous in a Dutchman—as is often the case, for few of the ministers are French or Swiss—preaching in very indifferent French to a congregation most likely entirely composed of Dutch-speaking people, while it must be weary work for the boys and girls from the church orphanage—who, in their quaint, old-fashioned costumes, will at once attract the stranger's notice—to sit out the long sermon in a language they know but imperfectly.

Besides those mentioned above, there are a few other traces of foreign extraction among the Dutch. Here and there small colonies of dark-haired, brown-

skinned people are looked upon as descendants of Spanish soldiers who settled in the enemy's land. A good many officers and privates of the Swiss and Scotch regiments that were in the service of the States at different epochs remained in Holland and left their names to numerous descendants. We take a few Scotch names at random from the "Hague Directory:" Bruce, Douglas, Hamilton of Silvertonhill, MacDonald, MacEvoy, Mackay, MacLeod.

It may be that to this mixture of foreign blood it is due, at least in some measure, that the Dutch are on the whole good linguists, and are very familiar with foreign literature. It would be, indeed, a very foolish and narrow patriotism that would limit the intellectual food of a small nation like the Dutch — or, indeed, of any nation — to its own productions, however excellent these may be, unmindful of "the brotherhood" so beautifully described by Ruskin, "Not of equality, nor of likeness, but of giving and receiving; the souls that are unlike, and the nations that are unlike, and the natures that are unlike, each receiving something from, and of, the other's gifts and the other's glory." Generous acknowledgment of the intellectual debt due to other nations is common among educated Dutch people. For those who do not know foreign languages, or do not know them well enough to enjoy reading them, there are translations of most classical or popular English, French, and German authors.

Of course this acquaintance with foreign books must influence the national mind, but it would be a mistake to suppose that its peculiar bias is thus destroyed. The characteristics of the Dutch mind, both good and bad ones, are too strong and too firmly rooted in the past to be effaced, or even materially altered, merely by contact with foreign minds. But it is equally true that, while preserving the national type, Holland is being powerfully affected by the "spirit of the age." As has been well said, "The thought of our own time, in its evolving phases or folds of varied hue, bathes us like an atmosphere" (Tulloch). Subtle, almost mysterious as this influence is, it must necessarily be very difficult to determine its nature and extent. While much remains that is still very distinctive in Dutch life — much more, indeed, than can be conveyed to foreign readers without making indiscreet demands on their patience, and also without lifting too much of the veil of privacy which no one cares

to remove from the family and social life to which he or she belongs — yet every year takes away from this distinctive character, and colors life and customs and thought with more of the cosmopolitan hue which is fast covering the civilized world. Even those whose memory does not go back much farther than about twenty-five years, can observe many changes in great and small things which all point in this direction. A mere straw will show the way the wind blows, and, to mention one of these changes, the village maiden's scornful rejection of the snowy lace cap and simple costume that became her mother so well, and her adoption of a vulgar style of dress in rude imitation of the fashions of the day, is one among many indications that the influence of the "spirit of the age" is felt in every nook and corner of the country.

It will, of course, depend on a person's point of view whether he welcomes these changes or not. In the eyes of some, railroads and tramways, telegraphs and telephones, cheap education and competitive examinations, and the great extension of the franchise in 1888, all these factors in the social revolution which is daily going on, are pure and unmixed blessings which only prejudice can see in any other light. Certainly no one, however conservative his habit of mind, can look back with regret to the narrowness and mere *esprit de clocher* which limited the horizon and dwarfed the sympathies of former generations, and which all these causes, working in various ways, are more and more tending to remove; but, on the other hand, it is not possible to listen without respectful sympathy and partial assent to those among our seniors who fear that the national character will gradually lose in stability and thoroughness, in faithfulness (in the sense of the German word *tren*) and depth, rather than gain in other respects.

Yet, compared with other countries, the clock of time moves comparatively slowly, except perhaps in the great commercial towns of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. The rush and hurry and bustle of modern life, the struggle for existence, the thirst for excitement, the comparative neglect of home duties and home pleasures, the lack of "time to mourn" and of "time to mend," the shallowness of so-called friendships quickly formed and as quickly dropped, the general deterioration of manners in society, these "signs of the times" are not wanting in Holland; but, if we are not mistaken, they are not to be compared

to what can be observed in larger countries, where the conditions of life are necessarily different, and people are compelled to live faster, and where, the current of public opinion being stronger, the individual power of resistance is less great.

Comparisons, however, are dangerous things, and we abstain from getting on such perilous ground. The days are past when, as a political power, points of comparison between Holland and other nations offered themselves in plenty to the most superficial observer; but, though she no longer plays a leading part in the "council of nations," the secondary part which is hers now is not without importance for the world at large as well as for herself. The popular imagination of our times is not easily struck, except by huge proportions and tremendous effects, and it is not only in America that the figure of speech known as hyperbole is becoming general. In Holland its use would be a little more ridiculous than elsewhere; but that fact need surely not rob that country of interest to the thoughtful spectator. The stage is comparatively small, the actors are comparatively few, but that is no reason why the drama should be less stirring, or the qualities displayed less lofty and less worthy of admiration than on the larger stages of the world. Happily, the Dutchman feels this to the very core; his patriotism is not damped by any hampering sense of the smallness of his country, nor his ambition to serve her quenched because he knows that, whatever his claims to greatness, he can never aspire to the world-wide fame which falls to the share of great men in great countries.

S. T.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER III.

THE SNAKE.

ALONG one of the paths of the Ghilani Bagh advanced a group of natives, having in their midst an Englishman, over whom one of them holds a huge red canvas umbrella; this is Major Fane. He is making his usual morning inspection of the garden. He stops to observe the work of one of the coolies employed in it, and not

approving, he turns to the orderly behind him and says, "Maro" (*i.e.*, Beat), and then turning round again towards the coolie he points his long gloved forefinger solemnly towards him and says in his quiet, drawling voice, "isko" (*i.e.*, him), and the culprit is beaten (*i.e.*, cuffed), not very severely, and the major passes on.

Major Fane is a man with a tall and elegant figure — Beatrice had probably derived hers from him — and moves with an easy, sauntering gait. His dress exhibits an elegance of cut not common at that time in India. His clothes are evidently London-made. He wears gloves, a thing not usual in India, at all events not at that season of the year. But Lucius Fane had dressed well from his youth upward. From his boyhood had he been distinguished for his calm, quiet, self-possessed manner, for his elegant bearing and his lofty carriage. As a child of eight his bow was stately; at school he was called "my lord;" at Addiscombe he was called "the duke," or, rather, "the dook."

Dismissing the garden people, all but the umbrella-bearer, of course, Major Fane saunters up towards the watercourse, and mounting the bank, here a somewhat high one, moves along it to the corner where the girls are seated. He salutes the fair concourse with his usual stately, courtly air.

"Oh, ah, haw! how vewy cool it always is heewa!" he exclaims as he gets within the far-spread shade of the banian-tree. The difference of temperature between the sun and the shade is always very great in tropical lands, more especially in the summer time.

"Delightfully so," says Maud Hilton, the only one standing on the pathway.

"Oh, ah!" says Major Fane.

The exclamation is not appropriate. It seemed as if he were doubting the delightfulness of the place, which the tone of his own speech showed that he did not mean to do. But "oh," "ah," and "hah," or oftener "haw," were mere interjections, mere sounds with him. We all have our favorite, meaningless, recurrent phrases and exclamations, such as "By Jove!" and "By Jingo!" and "Bless my soul!" and "Golly!" and so forth — mere mechanical utterances. But with Major Fane they were more indicative of character than they usually are — indicative of a certain slowness of thought as well as a slowness of speech.

"I saw 'the Wogue' being taken home vewy wet," he says to Agnes Hilton, whose style of beauty, clear cut, aristocratic,

somewhat hard, is much to his taste. The Rogue is the name of Agnes's handsome, troublesome horse.

"Yes, I gave him a good gallop round the racecourse."

"Hah!"

While they were speaking an addition is made to the party.

In each generation very nearly a million of people die of snake-bite in India. There are many causes for this. Snakes multiply excessively. A religious prejudice, founded on fear, prevents the people from killing them. The natives do not wear shoes or stockings. They live in huts with earthen floors, and thatched roofs covered with gourds and creepers, in which reptiles love to lurk. They sleep on the ground or on low bedsteads, from which the thrown-out hand or dangling leg or arm touches the ground. Then man walks the surface of the earth perpendicularly on his feet; the snake glides over it horizontally on his belly; the head and the heel are constantly coming in contact; the man's eyes are very high up in the air.

The unexpected addition to the party is that of a snake, a snake of the most venomous kind known.

The girls have all been looking towards Major Fane, and the most subtle of the beasts of the field has come down the pathway towards them unobserved. Maud Hilton feels a sudden pressure on her foot, a gliding motion across her instep, a sudden, cold, horrid, indescribable sensation there; she knows instinctively what it is, even before she glances down and sees. Her first, almost uncontrollable, impulse is to throw up the foot, so as to cast the venomous reptile from her; but she is quick of thought, firm of will, courageous; by doing so she may only throw the snake on to the girls before her; she may only entangle herself with him, cause him to turn on her. She has a wonderful self-command, a wonderful self-possession; she becomes neither mad nor paralyzed with fear, and so she remains quite still — really the safest thing she can do — her eye a little brighter, her cheek a little paler, her right hand grasping the little slender riding-whip a little tighter. Her courage is put to the fullest proof, for the snake is a very long one and is moving slowly, and takes some time passing over her instep. But at last the horrid pressure is removed, and then she calls out, "The snake! The snake!" Then there is a sudden commotion, loud shrieks and cries. They have all seen the enemy

of mankind. Agnes Hilton sits quite still with her eyes fixed on the venomous, gliding reptile, not because she is frozen or fascinated or deprived of all power of motion, but simply because she is not made afraid. Beatrice Fane has run behind the bench; May Wynn finds herself standing on it by some sudden, unconscious, mechanical action; while Lilian Fane throws up her legs so violently as to tumble over into the seat, head downward, a comical element in the scene which no one near her has eyes to notice.

"The snake! The snake!" shouts Maud Hilton to Major Fane, who is standing right in the way of the death-bearer.

"Oh, ah!" says the major, lifting his eye-glass — he wears an eye-glass — quietly, and fixing it quietly into his right eye.

Disturbed by the cries and movements the serpent has quickened his pace; the curves in his body have become shorter and move faster from side to side.

"The snake, Major Fane!" "The snake, father!" shout Maud Hilton and Beatrice Fane in one breath.

"Hah!" says Major Fane. That the exclamation is "Hah!" and not "Haw!" indicates a certain degree of excitement on his part. But still he keeps his ground, though it is evident that the snake means to pursue his course down the pathway, is advancing straight at him, and there is now but a short interval between them. The coolie has all this time been still holding the umbrella carefully over his master's head; that is to him a paramount duty — he would have continued to fulfil it in the face of a battery of guns; but the interval has become too short for him; the fear of the serpent is very strong in the human breast, and so he tumbles down the slope of the bank, by the edge of which he is standing, umbrella and all. Be it remembered that the man's feet were bare and his legs naked. And to get out of the way of a snake seems the natural thing to do. This is what the girls expect Major Fane to do, but he doesn't. They all know his quiet, calm, deliberate way; that he is never hurried in his rising up or his sitting down, in his walk or in his talk. But this, surely, is not the moment for lofty leisureliness.

"Run, father!" shouts Lilian from the top of the arm of the bench on to which she has scrambled again.

"Jump!" cries Maud Hilton.

One great difficulty in story-telling is that of conveying a just impression of the passage of time. What has occupied a long time in happening is described in a

few words which convey the idea of briefness, while that which happened in a few seconds may need a detailed description which conveys the idea of length, of duration. "Ten years passed away," "A sudden flash of lightning," one reads as fast as the other. What has now taken the reader many minutes to read had passed in a few seconds.

Snakes do not generally attack men. They do not bite the heel unless they think it is about to bruise the head. They only give the fatal nip to hand or foot when they find these in the way, feel them upon them. They would rather avoid man than assail. They do not appear to bear about with them a constant sense of the enmity engendered in Eden. Their attack is more often defensive than aggressive. But it so happens that this snake has his dwelling-place in a hole in the bank a little distance beyond where Major Fane is standing. He evidently thinks that the man is purposely barring the way to it, of course with hostile intent, and so he prepares to frighten him out of the way, or exercise on him the power of killing which in the case of birds and small animals he finds so immediately fatal. And so he has reared himself up, and expanded his horrid hood—so making manifest that he is a cobra da capello. His forked tongue is darting quickly in and out; he is slowly swinging his hooded head from side to side preparatory to launching himself forward to administer the fatal stroke and nip. The girls look on with horrified eyes, some hardly seeing; but Agnes Hilton's steady grey eyes quietly trace the distinctive spectacles on the expanded hood.

"Oh, ah!" says Major Fane. He has in his hand a thin Malacca cane, a clouded cane, for the nice conduct of which he was famous.

"Oh, ah!" he exclaims, and a sudden, swift blow of the cane across the neck and the cobra is knocked over; a sharp cut across the back and he is paralyzed; a fortunate stroke across the little flat head and he is dead, and Major Fane has put the point of his well-cut English-made shoe under the body of the dead reptile, and heaved it into the watercourse, and it has sunk and disappeared. The orderly has rushed up the bank and is holding the huge umbrella over Major Fane's head as before. The whole thing has passed like a dream.

"Tell your mother, Beatrice," says Major Fane, "that I do not want my breakfast to be sent up to the Magazine

this morning," and putting his well-gloved fingers to his hat, he lifts it with his usual easy grace, and saunters quietly away.

"It has made me feel quite faint," says Beatrice.

"How my heart is beating," says May Wynn, putting her hand to her side.

"Well done, Major Fane!" cries Agnes Hilton, clapping her hands. "The snake must have passed very close to you, Maud?"

"He passed right over my instep," says Maud quietly.

"And you did not move!" exclaims May Wynn, in an admiring, almost awestricken voice.

"I should have shrieked and kicked out, and jumped a yard high in the air," cries Lilian Fane.

"If she had kicked out she would have sent the snake on to the top of us; that is why she did not," cries Agnes, with quick understanding, and looking at her sister with proud, fond eyes, and with a glow of admiration on her face.

"It would be a fine sight to see your father in a great city at the time of an earthquake," says Maud quickly, turning towards Beatrice Fane. "I can imagine him sauntering down a street where the houses were shaking on either side, and looking up at them quietly with his eyeglass in his eye."

"Himself unshaken while everything else was shaking," says her sister Agnes. "I like a man like that."

"It was a cobra, and a very big one too," she goes on to say; "the spectacles were enormous."

A train of thought has arisen in Beatrice Fane's mind, and she says, "I wonder if one could put one's mouth to a snake-bite and suck the wound, as I believe was done by somebody."

"Why, of course, at once, if it was any one you loved—cared for," says Maud Hilton, in her deep, bell-like tones.

"Surely for any one—if one only could," says gentle-hearted May Wynn.

"A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound," says Shakespeare. The deepening color on the cheeks betray the ears that have first heard the fall of the approaching footsteps. Maud Hilton's cheek has flushed first. Her eyes turn, as if drawn perforce, towards the pathway by which Major Fane had approached, and then, as if by a sudden effort of self-control, are turned away again. The color has risen, red and bright, into May Wynn's soft, womanly cheek too. In Beatrice Fane's hair lies the gold of the sunset, and

now on her cheek appears the flush of the morn ; it proclaims the coming god. But Lilian Fane continues to dangle her feet unconcernedly ; Agnes Hilton casts a quick, sudden glance at her sister, but that is all.

Three cheeks have flushed, but only two men appear.

Of one of them you would say, " What a handsome young fellow ! " of the other, " What a grand man ! " But with regard to the latter as with regard to Maud Hilton — whose cheeks have paled, and whose hands tremble at the nearer approach of the men as they had not paled or trembled when she had felt the weight of the death-dealing serpent upon her foot — it was of the inward and not of the outward, of the light within and not of the tabernacle that you first took cognizance. It was a grand face, a majestic form ; but it was the expression of the one, the carriage of the other, that first impressed you. The features of the face were as finely cut as those of an antique statue : a straight nose well set on, a well-cut mouth and magnificently moulded chin, a splendid forehead, broad and high, on which " sparkled plain the star of greatness," to borrow a line from

" The Rose Garden " of Sheikh Sádi of Shiraz, eyes dark grey like those of an eagle ; but it is the look of power, of stern command, the noble, royal look, that first engages your regard. Your eye will follow with attention the details of that splendid, manly form ; the wide shoulders, the deep chest, the lean flanks, the great height — but it is its majestic carriage that will strike you first. That pale, commanding brow, those eagle eyes, that firm-set mouth — you know that you look upon one destined for great things, born to be a ruler among his fellow-men, and though he is quite a young man that is already beginning to appear. Philip Lennox, who is only a captain in the army, though he has held higher local rank, has already attained a foremost place among the famous soldier-statesmen of our latest conquered kingdom — province they call it in India — of the Punjab. He has shown a conspicuous capacity for affairs, civil or military. He has shown that he has in him the qualities of a great administrator as well as of a great general. Placed in charge of a wild, turbulent, newly acquired district on the Punjab frontier, he had introduced law and order into it, founded cities in it, and intersected it with roads. He had, at the same time, made it secure against the incursions of the wild frontier tribes ; had worsted those strong,

fierce mountaineers in many an engagement ; had stricken an awe into them such as they had never felt before. A man of enormous strength and courage, an accomplished swordsman, he had met their foremost champions in single combat, and overcome them. How skilful and cunning his arrangements for the fight ; how well combined the movements ; how fierce the assault ; how terrible the long, indefatigable, unsparing pursuit. That pursuit in which their best and bravest fell along the way, many under the force of Lennox's own arm, for he was ever foremost in it, was what struck most terror into those border raiders. He was a terrible man, terrible in the battlefield, terrible in his office chair. He exacted an implicit obedience, the utmost tale of work. He was an indefatigable worker himself. His enforcement of a full pull at the collar, his imperious, unbending will, his reserved nature, which seemed to expand and become genial only on the battlefield, made ordinary men think service under him hard and unpleasant. That was the only thing that could be urged against his civil rule. But his name was a name of power.

Such had been the effect of his fine presence, his strength of intellect, his force of will, his fearlessness, his constant command of success, of his strict justice, and, it may be added, of his plain, pure mode of living, that he had actually to exert all the power of his authority to prevent himself from being deified, for a sect had started up bearing his name, of which he was to have been the god, the object of worship.

His companion does not walk the earth with such commanding footsteps, but with a lighter, gayer tread. You might have said of the two, " Here comes Richard Cœur de Lion, with a handsome, bright young squire." Though there is really not much difference in age between the two, the latter looks much the younger man, because his face is more gay and bright, not so severe, and because it is so smooth, and fair, and hairless. It is a handsome face, and he has also a very well-built form, light, and strong, and graceful. It is a good face, with clear, bright, honest eyes, and a pleasant, smiling mouth, with a look of almost feminine delicacy and refinement. There is a look of shrewdness, too, in the eyes ; a canny look, which with the rather high cheek-bones proclaim his Scotch nativity. But notwithstanding the somewhat high cheek-bones the outline of the face is oval ; the forehead is broad and upright if not very

high, the grey eyes, somewhat small and deep-set, have in them a shrewd, kindly, thoughtful look with an oft-coming humorous twinkle ; the nose a delicate aquiline ; a firm-set, well-cut mouth, expressive of shrewdness, firmness, kindness, gaiety ; a well-moulded chin. This young man is also in the army. He belongs to the 76th Regiment of Native Infantry. His name is William Hay. He is the William referred to by Beatrice Fane ; he who would not have his marriage put off until December, but insisted that it should take place immediately after the setting in of the rains. With all his feminine air he does not look like a young fellow who would be either a " laggard in love or a dastard in war."

CHAPTER IV.

" I WISH I HAD."

THESE girls are all fresh out of England, as their clear, bright, healthy looks unmistakably show. They have all come out "from home" during the past cold season — some earlier, some later. Their arrival had, of course, produced a great commotion in Khizrabad. Young English-women did not flock to India in those days in such numbers as they do now. During the past two years the only spinner in the place had been the Miss Lyster about whom the girls have talked, and who, though still very graceful, yet was no longer young ; her life was devoted to the nursing of an invalid mother, and was bound to be so devoted so long as that mother lived. The advent of four or five only commonly good-looking, attractive girls would have been deemed a great event, and these were uncommonly good-looking and attractive. Their coming had added greatly to the gaiety and joyfulness of the place. There had been a series of balls, and dinners, and picnics, and other social entertainments. There is a very great difference between a solitary ride and a ride with a pretty girl. The deeper emotions had been stirred. To use the old-world phraseology, which science had not yet superseded, Cupid began to dart his keen arrows around. Now arose before the men visions of love and marriage, of sweet courtship and happy wedlock. There came a sudden stirring of the strongest passion in the heart of man. Khizrabad passed into the condition of the earth in the days of Noë, when they thought of nothing but marrying and giving in marriage. There arose in it a turmoil of love-making, in which every

one took a part, either as performer or spectator. The progress of each " affair " was watched with the keenest interest. Nothing else was talked about. " He is a 'gone coon,' or, " Will he ' come to the scratch ? ' " said the users of slang. Bets were made in *chicks* and bottles of champagne. " Will she accept or refuse ? " " What will her mother say ? " Each courtship, or faintest shadow of a courtship, produced an immense amount of excitement, of watching and observation, of gossip and talk and comment, of prognostication and prophecy ; and two or three of them were going on at the same time. The sporting doctor of the 66th had made Agnes Hilton a prompt, confident proposal, and had been met by a swift, disdainful refusal. Agnes was passionately fond of horses, but not of horsey men. Then old Dr. Brodie of the 76th, the hunk and miser, the founder of and chief shareholder in the Khizrabad Bank, had afforded immense amusement by falling in love with the child Lilian, forty years and more his junior. How ludicrous had been the antics of the toothless old wooer with his appropriately gold-mohur-hued face ! He had thought that he could descend on the fair one in a shower of rupees, one may say, though he was liker to Vulcan than to Jove. " He thinks that his lakh of rupees will make up for his lack of everything else," said Major Penn, a writer for the press and a man of wit. " It is a good thing for us that Old Brodie has fallen in love," said some fellow in his regiment ; " it makes him pleasanter to sit by, now that he has a new suit of clothes. He has worn that old *putoo* suit of his for the past twenty years." " No, I thank you, sir ! " it was rumored had been Lilian's English reply to Dr. Brodie's offer of his big hand and little heart in very broad Scotch.

" Marry *our* daughter ! *He* — the son of a blacksmith in the Highlands ! " said Mrs. Fane to her husband. She was excessively indignant. It was a personal insult. She carried her feelings with regard to Birth — she always spelt it in her mind with a capital letter — to an excessive height.

The beautiful Beatrice Fane had, of course, been the cause of a great stirring of the feelings, of a great arousing of curiosity. Who was she likely to marry ? She had half-a-dozen silent, hopeless adorers. But William Hay had at once openly avowed himself a candidate for her fair hand. He had begun to pay her attentions at once. But Mr. Melvil was the

man of highest rank and position in the place. He was in the coveted civil service. He might rise — was in fact certain to rise — to higher honors yet. The girl marrying him would at once attain to a very high social position. He had a very large income; he had a splendid house, a splendid establishment. He was a man of birth and breeding, of a very polished address, with many social gifts, much liked and popular, good-looking, and in the prime of life. He was a friend of the family, an especial favorite with Mrs. Fane. Her preference, of course, would be for him. Mr. Melvil not only held high rank in the special hierarchy of the East India Company, under which his family had held high official positions and attained to fame and fortune, but could claim a good place in English social circles since his uncle (Lord Melvil, the colonial governor) had been raised to the peerage. "That is enough for her," said those who did not like Mrs. Fane. "The red-book is her Bible. Of course she will marry her daughter to the nephew of a lord." But Hay had entered the field at once and pressed his suit with vigor. He had secured the first fancy of the girl. The immediate surrender to her charms of a young man of such excellent qualities, of so high a character, of such a winning address, so cheerful and gay, though of an open and pronounced piety, and of such an attractive personal appearance, who might have looked for success in the wooing of any girl, at once recommended him to her favor.

And so it soon began to be whispered about that it was only the mother's opposition that was likely to prevent William Hay from being successful in his suit. And it certainly spoke very highly for his personal qualities that he was successful, notwithstanding that Mrs. Fane could not make out that he was in any way connected with the Marquis of Tweeddale. His father was only a factor. But he was in the army. He had a promise of civil employ in the Punjab. He had all the qualities that command success. He was a young man of highest principles and character, strictly religious — and Mrs. Fane did not fail to remember that that was greatly in his favor, even in regard to his worldly interests; there was then a great uplifting of the Christian flag in India; the Clapham sect was very powerful, both in the Board of Control and in the Board of Directors (of the East India Company) in England; the last ruler of these provinces had been the son of a

missionary; the present ruler of the Punjab was an Irish Protestant; it was desired to make the government of India of a distinctly Christian character; missionary effort was favored (all of which, doubtless, had its influence in bringing about the coming Mutiny); men in high official positions professed — in the religious meaning of the word — Christianity, and promulgated it; piety was in favor in high places; prayer paid.

Then Hay had that gentlemanly address which Mrs. Fane so greatly valued. He was very good-looking; he was very "nice." And though the wife of the grandson of an earl, herself the niece of the chairman of the Board of Directors, Mrs. Fane was also a woman. Here was a case of true love, of love at first sight. It was soon to be seen that Hay's immediate and vigorous love-making had had its effect. Her opposition might not be of any use. And so with William Hay and Beatrice Fane, the course of true love had run smooth, and was now nearing the wished-for end. It had now ceased to have any great personal interest for the good people of Khirabad, except, of course, in connection with the coming ceremonial and the wedding breakfast. That interest was now concentrated on another love affair.

Captain Lennox belonged to the Punjab Commission, but he was just now on special duty in a neighboring independent State. He was cousin to William Hay, and often came in (to Khirabad) to stay with him. There was no doubt that he had been greatly attracted by Maud Hilton. He greatly sought her society; it was certain that she was greatly pleased with his. They were great friends. Had a warmer feeling sprung up between them? Was it likely to do so? They were not either of them of the class of persons who wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and so even the women — lynx-eyed, sharp-nosed, unscrupulously prying and obtrusive as they are in such matters — were at fault. About the great liking and the friendship there could be no doubt. He had singled her out from the very beginning as William Hay had singled out Beatrice Fane. He was in a position to marry, of course. He was about to return to his lonely station, his place of "watch and ward," his "marquise," on the Punjab frontier. What more likely than that a man returning to a lonely frontier station, especially a man of Lennox's character, should desire to take a nice, pretty English girl back with him? Would he propose? If he

did so, would she not be certain to accept? How could a girl refuse a man like him?

Then May Wynn arrived on the scene, and there was an alteration in the position of things, which raised the general excitement to the utmost pitch. Captain Lennox was greatly taken with her; her attraction for him must have been very great when a man of his self-controlled, reserved character allowed it to be so visible. Is it not in love as in electricity (perhaps they are the same thing), that the unlike attracts and the like repels? The man of a strong, commanding character may admire a woman who has the same qualities, but many prefer to marry one of a softer, more yielding nature. The clever man may like to talk to a woman who is as clever, but prefers to marry one who is not so. Two exactly similar natures would only clash. Two circles can only meet at a point. Prominences fit into hollows. With two similar natures there would be a redundancy of the same quality. Dissimilar natures supply the defects in either, supplement one another. The man prefers the feminine qualities; the woman the masculine. As Lennox was a man of men, so was May Wynn a woman of women.

"It is now six to four on Miss Wynn," said stout old Colonel Barnes. It is strange to reflect how what is of utmost import to ourselves may be a matter of sport and jest to others.

This is the explanation of why three of the girls were excited, though only two men appeared.

"Oh, William!" cries Lilian Fane, with girlish eagerness, as the two young men get near to the bench, "we have all nearly been bitten by a snake."

"All of you?" says Hay, smiling his pleasant smile.

"Yes, all of us. It went down the pathway here, close by the bench, right in the middle of our feet."

"If your feet were where they are now you were not in much danger," says Hay. Then "You were not in danger?" he says tenderly to Beatrice Fane.

"You were in no danger?" says Lennox, with eager solicitude and an unusual softness in his voice, to — May Wynn.

The crimson tide rises high in May Wynn's soft, tender cheek, ebbs low in Maud Hilton's more firmly but as exquisitely moulded one. Among the others there is a sudden, quick awakening of interest; a concentration of attention, a rustle of excitement and expectation.

Lilian Fane, still perched on the arm of the seat, gives a little convulsive kick of her legs. Agnes Hilton glances quickly from May Wynn to her sister. She by no means relieves but adds to the tension by her quick, sharp speech.

"It was only my sister who was in any sort of danger. The snake passed right over her foot."

"Yes, and she never moved!" cries Lilian, her astonishment at that fact still strong upon her. "I should have jumped a yard high. I never could have kept still with the cobra passing over my foot; I must have kicked my foot."

"Maud did not do so because that would have sent the snake on to the top of one of us — of Miss Wynn, perhaps — sent it among us. That is why she did not do so," says Agnes Hilton, in her firm, clear voice.

"It was very brave and noble of her!" cries May Wynn, with eager, generous warmth.

"Grand!" cries William Hay, clapping his hands.

Despite all her efforts, Maud Hilton's eyes seek Lennox's face. But a hasty indifferent yes is all that comes from him. He does not turn his eyes towards her. He exhibits no concern about the danger she has run; utters no word of praise of her self-control, of congratulation at her escape. He seems to be thinking more of May Wynn's words than of what has given rise to them; of May Wynn's generous warmth of approval than of her own coolness and courage, of her risking of her own life and saving that of some other. Agnes watching her sees a slight tremor pass over her frame, a slight spasm pass across her face, both so slight as to have escaped any other but her own angry, excited, solicitous gaze. Then the usual predominant expression of calm self-command comes over the face and she says quietly, —

"The only one who was really in danger was Major Fane. The snake attacked him. He killed it as quietly with his cane as if he were squashing a fly with a flapper."

"Did he?" says William Hay.

"The only thing that has suffered is Lilian's hat."

"Oh, it is not damaged," cries Lilian, pulling it quickly off her head and looking at it with anxious looks. She was very careful of her adornments. And this was a hat just out from "home," one of the latest fashion.

"There was really more of comedy than

of tragedy in the whole affair," goes on Maud, with a little laugh. "The way that Lilian tumbled over into the seat, and the way that Major Fane's orderly tumbled down the embankment, umbrella and all!" and she describes the two incidents in a way that makes them all laugh — the more readily, perhaps, because of the tension of their feelings.

"But I really thought that father would be bitten," says Lilian, as she eagerly relates the details of the affair; "he took such a long time screwing his glass into his eye."

But now the actual physical atmosphere has begun to thrill, too. It is past the usual time for being indoors; it is nearly eight o'clock. They must now hurry away. They go down together to one of the gateways where the young men have left their horses. Here the girls must separate for their respective homes. They are all walking, for they all live very near, which is the reason that those who have been riding have sent their horses away.

"We shall all meet again at Mr. Melville's to-night," said Beatrice Fane.

"Yes," says May Wynn.

"Yes," says Agnes Hilton.

William Hay must see his betrothed one home, of course. Maud Hilton and Agnes have to go up one side of the garden only in order to reach their home, the Bank House, whose grounds are coterminous with those of the Bâgh. And May Wynn does not live much further off, though her father's bungalow is immediately under the city wall, the north wall of the city. It is natural to suppose that Lennox will accompany Hay to Major Fane's, and that they will then ride home together. It is the natural supposition, what they all expect. Or rather, there is no supposition, no expectation at all in the matter, any more than there is with regard to the Fane girls going to their own house, the Hiltons to theirs. No thought was given to the subject, it was a matter of course. So there is again a sudden thrill of excitement when Lennox says to May Wynn, —

"I will see you home, Miss Wynn."

"Oh, no, thank you; no," replies May Wynn hurriedly, with a rush of blood to her cheek. "There is no need to. It is only a step. I go through the church compound. I am home when I get to the churchyard gate."

"Oh, yes, I will see you home. I can go round that way. I dare say I shall be at Major Fane's long before my cousin is ready to leave."

"Good-bye!" "Good-morning!" "Au

revoir!" and the three parties go their several ways.

Maud and Agnes Hilton walk on for a while in silence. These two sisters love one another very dearly. But Maud's profound reserve has always set somewhat of a barrier between them. The common is the best, after all. Uncommon, higher, nobler natures must have more of isolation. The very excess of sensibility, that makes them so capable of love and sympathy, so desirous of them, makes them shrink from any great display of them, prevents them from attracting them. The excess of feeling prevents its free flow.

"You are very brave, Maud!" says Agnes, at last, when they are very near home. There is a double meaning in her words; Maud looks at her with hard, stern eyes.

"I mean to say," exclaims Agnes hastily, "that it was very brave of you to stand so still with that snake, that cobra, on your foot. It might have bitten you."

"I wish it —" and she stops — "had," she was about to say. The word had almost leaped forth from her mouth. She tightly compressed the lips that had almost betrayed her thought. But she is content with having stopped it. She disdains to give her words another turn, to falsify the sentence by giving it another ending, though her quick mind had instantly presented her with one — "had not been so heavy."

"To stand still was the safest thing to do," she adds quietly.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
ON THE RIM OF THE DESERT.

THE recent opening of branch railways through the Atlas Mountains into the desert of Sahara has brought within reach of London a winter climate, almost as superior to that of the Riviera or Algerian littoral as these are to our own; indeed, if time-tables were strictly adhered to, it is even now possible by landing at the port of Phillipville, one hundred and fifty miles east of Algiers, to reach the oasis of Biskra, which is well out into the desert, in little over three days from London. If the Algerian trains could be persuaded to travel at the modest speed of twenty miles an hour, this would be accomplished with ease. Although Biskra is barely one hundred and fifty miles south of the coast, the traveller has there left behind him the mountains which attract and

condense the moisture of the Mediterranean, and, after the beginning of January, he can almost count on perennial sunshine, except when — and this is seldom — a high wind fills the air with a dust-fog almost as impermeable to the rays of the sun as a watery cloud.

The climate was not, however, the chief attraction which drew me thither with two companions in January of the present year. On the arid side of the ranges, which immediately overlook the desert, there exists, the whole way from the Atlantic to Tunis, a certain wild sheep, called by naturalists the *Ovis Tragelaphus*, or the *aoudad*, by Arabs the *aroui*, and by the French the *moufflon à manchette*, from the long pendent mane, if that is the correct term, which the animal carries on the under side of its neck and shoulders down to the knees. It is a large sheep, scarcely inferior to the big-horn of the Rockies, and of a dull rufous yellow color, well calculated for concealment on the red and yellow cliffs which it inhabits. Though not extremely rare, it is, for reasons which will subsequently appear, exceptionally difficult to find. True, the kids are occasionally caught by the Arabs, and, as the aroui breeds freely in confinement, it has been distributed from the Jardin des Plantes to other collections, including our own.

Why not, then, be content to examine him at the Zoo? Why should one want to kill the poor beast? I have no defence to offer, except that rather mean instinct which forces up dodo's eggs, uncut folios, and foreign postage stamps which have ceased to be useful, to fabulous values. After numerous inquiries, I had failed to hear of any English sportsman who had successfully stalked the animal, though I know of two, one ten years and one twenty-five years since, who had tried in vain. A French book in my possession, "Renseignements sur la Province de Constantine," which gives a description of the fauna of the province, does not mention the animal. An accomplished traveller told me that it was scarce, "but not quite so difficult to get as an Algerian lion." A friend who had travelled through the southern ranges of the Atlas admitted that he had never heard of it. Can it be wondered at that I desired to secure so rare a trophy, and incidentally to use it as a peg upon which to hang a fresh series of experiences, to wander among mountains rarely visited, to pitch or strike my camp when and where I pleased, among a people who daily do the same?

Our expedition began with some misfortunes. The great January storm in the Channel had blown down some telegraph posts, and so delayed our arrival in Paris that we missed the Marseilles express, and consequently the Algiers boat. At Marseilles we received a telegraph from my dear old *chasseur*, Celestin, who, on his way to meet us there, was seized by the fashionable complaint, and lay half-way from his mountain valley helpless as a log. He did not join us till ten days later, but I had a second very efficient string in Andreas, a blacksmith and chamois hunter.

Our first point, reached after two days spent in the train, was El Kantara, sometimes called the Gate of the Desert. Here a ridge of red rock, nearly the last outwork of the mountains, rises for eight hundred feet above the plain. Through this ridge the little river, at times a rock-shaking torrent, has opened a gap, admitting the passage, for many ages past, of the converging caravan routes from the south, and for the last few months the railway from the north, which now terminates at Biskra, thirty miles further.

As we took our evening stroll through the gap, its contorted red rocks were lighted on the east side into a fiery glow by the setting sun. At the far end of the gap one comes suddenly on the first oasis, a wealth of grey-green foliage, and the waving plumes of sixty thousand palms finely contrasting with the thirsty rocks. A few of these have established themselves in the very gorge itself, as though struggling for the first drink. Some of the palms are tall and upright as a ship's mast, others bending over the stream which has undermined their roots. Among the black columns and shaded aisles white-robed figures flit about — for you never hear an Arab walk — or lie coiled under mud walls. A month later the greenery was varied by pink clouds of apricot blossom, but this was not yet. That which strikes one most is not the sight of the palms, but the sound of them. The waving plumes respond to the breeze by a low, monotonous hiss, as distinct as possible from the rattle and quiver made by the clashing of deciduous leaves. Seen from an elevation, these oases look black on the plain, like nothing so much as huge leeches sucking at the juices of the mountain.

But we were not thinking much of these things that night. What sportsman does not remember the first eager hope with which he examines the new hunting

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ground? Are the wild animals we have come so far to seek still to be found in those cliffs? I knew that they were there ten years ago, but men of knowledge had assured me that the railway must have driven them away, and that I must go further afield. We had yet to learn that it is not the habit of this old-world sheep to run away from civilization. He has other means of protection.

Behind the little inn at the north end of the gap was a sandy ridge, which offered a good spying point. From this our telescopes presently scanned the cliffs of the Djebel Metlili, the highest point in these parts, which rose to the north from a little plain to the height, I should judge, of five thousand feet. There was no doubt about the broken character of its cliffs. Their appearance, at any rate, justified our hopes.

Two very dirty and ragged Arabs, Ali and Abdullah, had been fetched from the mountain itself with a view to being retained as guides, and while we supped they interviewed us, squatting on their hams on the tiled floor. These ragamuffins gave an edge to our appetites by asserting the undoubted presence of *feshtal* as they call the old male of the aroui, in the cliffs we had been examining, and the more eager we showed ourselves, the higher rose their terms. We finally settled with them for three francs a day, at which price they proved distinctly dear.

G. started at a very early hour with Andreas and old Ali to try the nearest and most precipitous part of the range. The rest of us, after the delays which generally accompany luggage, got off an hour later with the mules and camp train, and had not gone far across the plain when we saw my son and his companions still on a neighboring rise. We went across and found a somewhat mixed altercation proceeding, which, as neither of the three could speak the language of the others, was not surprising. Old Ali was at the bottom of the mischief. He declared that it was impossible to go up the mountain except by the path, but as there was obviously no difficulty he was made to understand that he could take his choice between going as he was bid or returning to the tents of his fathers. This imp of mischief elected to go, and it would have been better if he had never been born, for on this very first morning such a chance offered as did not soon recur, and he spoiled it. They had scarcely got well into the ravines with which the range is seamed, when they spied some mouflons, one of

which, a large ram, lay in a position most favorable for a stalk. They were so eagerly engaged in determining the best line of approach, which was by no means difficult, that they did not pay any heed to their follower. Looking round, to their horror they found that he had gone off on his own account. His intentions were no doubt innocent, but the result was disastrous. He probably thought that the Englishman could not possibly get near the game unaided, and would be much pleased if the game should come to him. It was about a hundred to one against this happening; still he would try, and, slipping off, he succeeded, in about ten minutes, in showing himself and giving the wind at the same time. Twenty minutes later he arrived at the rock where the quarry, which was now far away, had been lying, and began to throw rocks down. He finally rejoined the strangers, but appeared to think that he was being congratulated on his spirit. Later on, yet another was spied lying favorably placed on a cliff, but when the spot was reached he had gone, having probably heard the nailed boots on the rocks. This was a difficulty which we afterwards found it very hard to avoid.

In the mean while the rest of us, with the mule train, followed a well-engineered path constructed by the French to give easy access to their tower of observation on the highest point of the mountain. After three hours of steep ascent, we halted at a convenient plateau a little short of the summit. This was a most attractive camping ground, but I saw at a glance that, with uncertain weather, it would be far too exposed, especially as one of our tents had been temporarily lost on the railway, and our men would be very imperfectly sheltered by the makeshifts we had brought from El Kantara.

It commanded, however, a marvellous view. The Metlili is the highest point for many miles, but to the north we were slightly overtopped by the cedar forest ranges near Batna. To the east the great mass of the Aurès, crowned by the highest point in Algiers, the Chellia, now white with snow, rose perhaps three thousand feet higher than where we stood. But to the south who can describe the wonderful expanse of the desert which lay four thousand feet below us? To my mind there is no panorama so interesting as a bird's-eye view over a plain from a considerable height. The plains of Lombardy from Monte Rosa, of Spain from the Brèche de Roland, have this human interest, but in both these cases subsid-

iary, but still lofty ranges, serve to break the contrast. But here we were on the top of a great, craggy wall which rose straight from the plain. True, the latter was seamed by three low, rocky ridges which lay parallel to one another between us and Biskra, but they were completely subordinated and looked like small purple islands rising out of a golden sea. Over them one took in the whole plain, every inch of it, to the very horizon, clear cut and level as the sea itself. To the east, perhaps thirty miles off, lay a large *chott* or salt marsh, but whether its shining surface was due to water or half-dried salt I could not determine. The sunsets and sunrises from this and similar elevated camps were of marvellous interest and beauty, especially when a sea of cloud clung to the mountains, as sometimes happened in the early morning. In the foreground ragged-edged peaks, with deep purple shadows, pierced the luminous mist; beyond, the shadowless, illimitable plain. The nights were not less beautiful. In still weather the air was so clear that the stars shone with scarcely diminished brightness down to the horizon itself, and one seemed even to look down on them.

All the southern slopes of the Atlas are singularly waterless, and the Metili is no exception to the rule. Every drop for our use had to be brought up in barrels on mule-back. I wanted to send the barrels back so as to have a fresh supply the next day; so I poured the water into two of my canteen baskets, which are lined with waterproof canvas for the purpose. Now the wear and tear of many camps had told upon this lining, and no sooner had the mules departed with the barrels, than we found that the baskets were leaking badly and would presently be empty. Here was a pass, for, though we had some wine, the Arabs would of course not touch that, and for ourselves cooking would be impossible. An inspiration seized me, and I hastily fetched my new waterproof and with it lined the third basket. That held a part of the water. Another happy thought; the vaseline pot! I smeared the yellow grease about the chinks and angles of the now empty basket, and lo and behold! it held the rest of the water splendidly. True, the color was repulsive and the flavor pungent, but the Arabs were not deterred by their scruples from drinking it. Indeed, the climax of nastiness was reached when the ugliest and dirtiest of them on his arrival at camp, hot and thirsty, plunged his whole face into it and drank freely.

As soon as we had squared this and other matters in camp and pitched our only tent, W. and I started for an exploration on our own account. Though the best of the day was gone and we saw nothing, we found some fresh tracks; and the tracks of the aroui are calculated to rejoice the heart of the hunter, for they are as large as those of the red deer; and as G. arrived late in camp with an account of what he had seen, our expectations were raised to the highest point. We had not yet realized that it was one thing to catch a glimpse of the animal, and quite another to put salt on its tail.

The next morning I went with Andreas to the steepest part of the mountain. It is cut into a series of deep ravines which score the slope from top to bottom. At right angles to these run long lines of upright strata from which the softer limestone is worn away, leaving enormous slabs; the biggest slab of all forms a cliff several hundred feet high and two miles or more long, which runs along the face of the mountain. Just outside this is another similar slab or series of slabs, only a few yards in front of it, and almost as tall as the cliff itself, and seeming from a little distance to form part of it. Between the two is a deep, narrow trench, barely accessible here and there where the outer battlement is broken down. Lesser plates of rock project all over the mountain side and afford splendid shade and hiding-places for the aroui. Here and there are ragged bushes of thuja and clumps of halfa grass, like the pampas grass of our gardens but of smaller growth. So rough and broken is the ground that only a minute fraction of the surface can be covered with the glass. We traversed the ravines, spying each with great care. At midday I heard a shot in the adjoining hollow and hurried to the ridge which commanded it. After a long search I spied an Arab with a gun, far below and on the other side of the valley, evidently lying in wait for something. Presently he began signalling to another who was below us, but invisible. I thought they must be after partridges and did not pay any particular attention. I was just settling down to luncheon and had laid aside the rifle when I saw the head of a mouflon passing along the rocks not more than twenty yards from me, and wholly unconscious of our presence. Before I could get the rifle in hand he had passed, offering a splendid chance if I had been ready. I ran forward, making sure that I should get another view, but he had succeeded

in putting one of the above-named upright walls of rock between us, and I never saw him again.

The experiences of these first days had given us a tolerable notion of the appearance and habits of the animal which we hoped to secure, and the difficulties of the pursuit, and I will now endeavor to describe them and to impart the secrets of the craft, together with such "tips" as subsequent adventures suggested. Herodotus mentions "asses with horns" which inhabited these ranges. True, in the same sentence he describes "monsters with dogs' heads, and others without heads who have eyes in their breasts," and I should like to possess specimens, but asses with horns is a description which aptly fits these wild sheep, with their long and rather dull faces, like most African animals, and in marked contrast with the bold and high-bred expression of their smaller namesake of Sardinia and Corsica. The pendent mane and sandy color I have already referred to. On the knees he has patches of bare, callous skin after the manner of a London cab horse, which I suppose enables him to kneel and reach his food on steep places and in the crevices of the rocks. The Arabs say that these animals do not drink more frequently than once in five days, and this enables them to traverse long distances on these thirsty slopes. They are unknown nearer to the coast, as for instance, where the climate is moist enough to support the cedar forests, nor do I believe they are ever found out of sight of the desert.

The knack of keeping himself out of sight, and getting out of it when surprised, is the most obvious characteristic of the animal. The habits of the Arabs, continued from countless generations, have helped to form the habits of the aroui. These nomad tribes pitch their tents necessarily within reach of one of the scanty springs of water. Here at night, within the circle enclosed by their black geitouns and a small zareba of loose thorn bushes, they corral their flocks of goats. In the early morning numerous thin columns of blue smoke mark the positions of such camps, generally placed for shelter in dry water-courses. With barking of dogs and shouting the flocks move off up the mountain, and as the day advances they work up and over it, so that no cliff or corrie is safe from their intrusion. The wild sheep have no means of escaping from them, as every mountain within reach of water is similarly infested. They are constantly

within sight and hearing of the Arabs and their goats, and have developed the art of hiding themselves to an extraordinary degree, while their confidence in their own invisibility is unlimited. A practical illustration of this occurred to me one evening when I had sat in one place for twenty minutes carefully spying the surrounding country. My coign of vantage was a knoll which commanded a small shallow hollow, in which there was not a vestige of cover except the few thin thuja bushes, which looked as if they could not hide a rat. It was not till I rose to shift my position that a female aroui and two yearlings started from these bushes. They had been lying within sixty yards of me, and must have been fully conscious of my presence. In this and other respects the aroui is very like the Pyrenean ibex, which lives in similar steep, broken rocks and scrub, and which also relies on concealment in preference to flight. It has, moreover, the same inward turn of the end of the horns to enable it to creep through the bushes. The horns of the Alpine ibex, which lives among bare rocks, have no such inward curve.

This habit of observing you while he believes himself hidden is highly inconvenient to the sportsman. If the sheep thinks himself unobserved, he remains till the coast is clear. If a bolt is necessary he watches for the most favorable opportunity, and, like a woodcock, puts a rock or a tree in a trice between himself and danger. From this it arises that one views the game much more frequently than shots are obtained, and many of these are snap shots. My own experience is suggestive. I hunted on twenty-three days, being nearly always out from before sunrise until sunset. During that time I saw sheep about a dozen times, but I got shots at only four — two of which I secured and lost a third severely wounded. It was quite a rare event to discover them with the glass, and this sickened our chamois hunters. Celestin was constantly exclaiming, as he closed his glass with a snap, "Cela n'amuse pas de rien voir," while the more phlegmatic Andreas in despair would dreamily search for camels on the distant plain. But if one did happen to get a distant view of a band in an undisturbed condition, the difficulties were not over, owing to the fact that the animal is constantly shifting to avoid the goats and their Arab owners. Nor was this the only cause of restlessness. Though it is forbidden to the Arabs to carry firearms we frequently saw them prowling about

with their long flintlocks, which seem to have run to barrel at the expense of the stock. They are seldom successful, but the game is not the less disturbed.

Of another difficulty we very early became aware. Visitors to Egypt will remember how many of the ancient monoliths ring like bells. So here the dry rocks are resonant to a degree of which I had no previous experience, and to walk silently in nailed boots is almost impossible. The Arabs who wear sandals of alpha grass move noiselessly, and Andreas, for a time, adopted the native fashion with tolerable success, but our Alpine nails clashed and rang, step one never so delicately. The difficulty is, except for one defect, completely met by thick india-rubber soles. Indeed, not only are they very silent but they give quite a new sense of power and security in climbing rocks at a steep angle, provided these are perfectly dry. The defect is that these sharp-edged rocks ruin the best attachments in about two days, and repairs are not always possible. Boots were not the only article of attire which suffered. A single flat crawl down hill made ribbons of the toughest Harris tweed. I was very soon scarcely decent, but G., with true filial piety, abstracted two large patches from one of W.'s coats, and sewed them on to the sitting place.

During the first few days the weather was treacherous, and it was clear that our first camp was untenable as long as our men were so badly protected. The poor linen-clad Arabs looked especially miserable, and it was melancholy to see them scrape a small hole, fill it with hot ashes, and squat over it, making a sort of open-air Turkish bath by spreading out their burnouses, and this at the best could only have cooked one end. So we had to make arrangements to remove camp to the foot of the mountain until the weather improved and we could recover the missing tent. It was well we did so, for even three thousand feet lower, and well under the lee of the mountain, our tent pegs with difficulty held the ground. The wind drove the dust through the flaps, and snowstorms were frequent. The mountain was covered with wreathing storm clouds, and the position at the moment was so hopeless that we again sent for the mules and pulled out for El Kantara.

Ali and Abdullah took this opportunity to strike for higher wages, which was not surprising under the circumstances; but as we had no hope of hunting that day it was a badly chosen opportunity, and we

told them to go to the — landlord and be paid off. They went, with their burnouses between their legs, and returned crestfallen to their geitouns on the hill. I was not sorry to part with Ali, who was a Radical and leveller, if not a Gladstonian, and had poisoned the mind of his companion; but we missed Abdullah, who was teachable. Like most Arabs he was gifted with wonderful eyesight, and a day or two later he spied me on the hill, and came racing across it, dragging his wife, who was rather a good-looking young woman, and these mountain Arabs have no nonsense about covering their faces. She came to plead for him — at least I gathered that that was the upshot of their jabber — and when I took him again into my service I was rewarded with grateful glances.

The weather mending, we again moved to the mountain, and this time we determined to camp in the watch-tower itself which is built on the highest point. At the top a curious and tantalizing thing happened. We were close to the tower, and the mules and nearly all the men had already reached it. W. and I were in the rear of the line when two fine ram moufflons appeared within a few yards of the path. It was blowing a gale of wind, and I suppose that this and the fact that the ground was covered with snow had prevented their hearing the tramp of the mules. As usually happened our rifles were not to hand, and the animals passed, as we found by their tracks, within six yards of the tower without any one there being aware of it. Again, an hour later, just as it was getting dark, I saw from the tower another moufflon cross an opening scarcely two hundred yards off. I rushed out, but there were numerous bushes to hide him, and, the darkness coming on and clouds blowing up, I could not sight him again.

What light there was after our arrival we used in stuffing up the loopholes of the tower as well as we could with pieces of wood, tent covers, etc., as the wind literally screamed through them, and in sweeping out the snow which lay in fine powder on the tiled floor with extemporized brushes of huja bushes. This building was devised solely for observation and defence, but it has been disused by the authorities since they have carried the telegraph to El Kantara, and the Arabs have taken advantage of this to loot the place as far as they could, and especially to remove all the locks, so an entrance was easily effected. It is a solidly built

stone structure, two stories high, each of which is approached by ladders only, which can be withdrawn through trap-doors. At the top, angular projections of iron pierced for musketry command every side in case of attack. Each floor is also loopholed. On the top story is a little stove, and there we established our cook and canteen. We inhabited the first floor, and our dinner had to come through the trap-door and down the rickety ladder, which was rather critical for the soup. Our two Arab hunters camped on the ground floor, and made a good fire in the middle of it. As the bullet-proof tiled floors were very cold to the feet, we spent a good deal of time by their fire, and watched them plaiting the alpha grass and weaving the plait into sandals. They turned out a good working pair in about twenty minutes.

From what I have described already, it might be thought that the aroui abound to such an extent that you could hardly throw a stone without hitting one, but, though one or other of us saw some almost daily, it was not till the sixth day that any of us got a chance. That evening, on his return to camp, G. got a very long shot in the dusk and severely wounded a good one. The poor beast lay down three times in two hundred yards, but finally got into such broken rocks that, darkness coming on, the search had to be abandoned. We scoured those cliffs nearly all the next day, but the maze of rocks and bushes defeated us. That he lies dead there somewhere I do not doubt. The truth was, as we discovered too late, G.'s little [360] rifle is not powerful enough for so large and tough a beast. For a week we had worked hard and lived hard, and here was a crowning misfortune.

But our luck turned at last. It was in what we called the Big Corrie to the west of the tower that G., who was accompanied by Abdullah that day, scored the first success. Quite early in the day he spied, at the bottom of the corrie, the head of a mouflon sticking out of a bush. The animal was so bad to see that, when he took his glass off the spot, he could not refind him for a quarter of an hour. Soon after this he made out four others with him. The approach was not very difficult if they could get over a certain space which had to be crossed in view. He himself went first, moving with extreme slowness and caution; but when Abdullah came to follow, his patience was not equal to the strain, and when half-way across he started up and ran the rest of the distance.

The sheep of course saw him and moved to a far more impregnable position high up the opposite side. The hunters were, moreover, now fairly caught, being in full view, and there they had to stay for four hours till the sheep began to feed. They then slowly crept back the way they had come, and, making a great circuit of the corrie, came down upon them from above, and got at length within one hundred yards. There was a good ram with them, and G. thought he had picked out the very hair that he desired to hit. The beast, however, went off with the others as if nothing had happened, and the running shot, as usual, had no effect. Fortunately the hill was nearly bare in this part, and as the ram followed the opposite face, he could be kept in sight. Seen through the glass, when he had run three hundred yards he showed signs of distress, and finally rolled over dead. The shot was exactly in the right place, having entered behind the shoulder and passed out at his throat; but this animal might well have been also lost if the ground had not favored keeping him in view. As soon as he fell, Abdullah, after the manner of his kind, set off at full speed. G., who was a university runner, wholly failed to catch him, and before he got up, the beast's throat was cut from ear to ear, to the great damage of the specimen. There was great rejoicing in the tower that night. Until this success we had begun to think that we had lost our time and broken our hearts over Djebel Metlili in vain, and now that the mountain had yielded a single trophy, we were quite ready to try fresh scenes.

A low mountain of a light cream color, half-way to Biskra, which our telescopes had shown to be of a singularly broken character, and therefore likely for sheep, had attracted our attention. This is the Salt Mountain of which Herodotus says: "There is another hill of salt, and water, and men live round it, and near this salt is a mountain which is called Atlas. It is narrow and circular on all sides, and is said to be so lofty that its top can never be seen, for it is never free from clouds, either in summer or winter." This ridge of rock salt lies close to the small oasis of El Outaja, on the Biskra road, and though it seemed rather too near civilization, we had already proved that the circumstance was not necessarily incompatible with the presence of mouflon.

Our first care on arrival at this place was to call on a certain wealthy Arab, Achmet Ben Driz by name, a retired cap-

tain of Spahis, reputed to be a mighty hunter. He courteously showed us, among other live animals, a pair of baby arois, which he was trying to rear, and which settled the question of the presence of that animal in the neighborhood; also a female *edmi*, or mountain gazelle, which had been snared by some Arabs when feeding at night in their barley fields. It is about twice the size of the common gazelle of the plains (*Gazella Dorcas*), and differs from it in the long, upright, and straight horns, as distinguished from the lyre-shaped horns of the smaller species. The *edmi* has long, pointed ears, and very large and prominent black eyes. This beautiful animal excited us greatly, but, from what we were told of its rarity and the difficulty of finding it, we had not much hope of securing a specimen. I was, however, destined to become acquainted with it. Captain Ben Driz's enthusiasm for sport, as is the case with most of the better-class Arabs, was centred in hawking. Unfortunately we had no opportunity of seeing this characteristic pursuit.

Our movements were governed here, as elsewhere, by the scarcity of good drinking water, and we finally got leave to spread our mattresses in some spare rooms at the railway station, to which a fresh supply of the precious liquid was daily brought by train.

The foot of the Salt Mountain is distant about two miles across a stony tract of desert. We were told that its intricacies were so great that it was impossible for a stranger to find his way, but there was no real difficulty, and we should have done better without the Arab whom we took with us, as he was both stupid and lacked the keen sight of most of his race. The mountain has the appearance of having been dropped from above and broken in the fall. Its chaotic character is due to the solubility of the salt. Every storm which washes it carries away a portion from the interior, so that it is honey-combed with hollows inside and out. The surface is disintegrated salt and earth, with a white saline exudation which makes the mountain contrast strangely with the red rocks and yellow plain round it. From a distance there is nothing extraordinary in its appearance, but the traveller who scales it is met by huge trenches and fissures, and wild confusion of form. Circular craters abound where the soil has fallen in, and here and there we came, with startling suddenness, upon clean-cut perpendicular shafts, with walls of green, semi-transparent salt, closely resembling

the *moulin*s of the larger glaciers of the Alps. These were of all sizes from a foot to ten feet in diameter, and of many the bottom was lost in gloom a hundred feet or more below. They are dangerous places without care, as there is a crumbling verge which frequently overhangs. The ground gave back a hollow sound in many places, but it was easy to see where one could go with safety by watching for the gazelle tracks, which were frequent. Little grows on the saline soil except a plant like samphire, and another fleshy-leaved plant; but flocks of blue-rock pigeons, which breed in the clefts, gave some life to the scene. Bright-colored earths, pink and purple, crop out here and there. On the top there is a less broken part, and something of a plateau, with a little vegetation, and here we hoped to find game, of which we soon saw plenty of tracks.

After our Arab had disturbed three gazelles by his noisy walking we separated, W. taking one side of the mountain and I the other. Soon after I made a good spy of three moufflons on a red cliff, which faced the other end of the Salt Mountain, at some distance. We had hardly started for the stalk when a curious and painful accident happened to me, which afterwards had unfortunate consequences. Slipping up, I brought my hand down on an edge of salt so sharp that it ripped the whole of the skin from the ball of my thumb. The mishap nearly caused me to faint at the time, and gave me great pain for several weeks afterwards.

It took us an hour or more to reach the top of the cliff, under a ledge of which we had seen the moufflons lie down, and creeping down with extreme caution, for the slope was covered with loose stones, we reached the rock which commanded the spot, and there we waited for them to rise and show themselves. For nearly four hours we lay broiling in the sun, but our patience was in vain; for they had really changed their position before we arrived. At last a great rattling of stones above us told only too well what had happened. They had moved to the left while we were making our stalk, but, a herd of goats entering the valley, they had retreated, but above instead of below us, and, getting our wind, quickly took leave of that range. We returned in a despondent mood over the Salt Mountain, and followed the most beaten track I could find, where I expected to see nothing. Going round a corner we nearly stepped on a splendid feshtal. I snatched the

rifle from Andreas, and should have had an easy running shot, but the handkerchief which I had wound round and round my wounded thumb came in the way of the alignment of the sights, and before I could tear off the miserable rag he was round the corner, and easily kept himself out of sight in the maze. Was there ever such fatal bad luck for so despicable a cause? After this I generally carried my rifle at full cock, hung by the strap on one shoulder — a perfectly safe position.

The next morning I partly retrieved my fortune by killing my first mouflon. Beating the ground like a trained setter and with rifle in hand, for it is impossible to spy the numerous hollows, we found some very fresh tracks, and following these came upon a small band of mouflons, who, as usually happened, had seen us first and were going hard. They were in deep shadow while we were in bright sun, and the shot was a long and doubtful one, but, waiting until they paused a moment, I picked out the one which seemed to be the biggest, and had the satisfaction of seeing it tumble backwards. The herd presented a much better chance when they stopped, for several seconds silhouetted against the sky, but owing to my damaged thumb, and partially left-handed condition, I fumbled over the hammer and so failed to get the rifle reloaded in time. So exactly the color of the rocks are these animals that when I went up it was quite a long time before I could see my beast, though it lay there in full view within a few yards of me. To my disgust it proved to be a female, and there was a good ram in the herd, of which I should have been pretty sure if I had been ready for them on the sky-line. The chances of war had heavily been against us so far, and continued so to the end; but I think our mishaps reached a climax at the Salt Mountain. The sportsman who complains of his luck usually stands as self-condemned as the workman who complains of his tools, but I certainly think that all the bad luck which I ever deserved, and did not have, was concentrated on this trip.

While at El Outaja we made friends with the sheik of the village, a very dignified and courteous personage, who invited us to dinner, along with the station-master and a French gentleman who had lately arrived to try an experiment in vine culture. We were received in a windowless room, with a handsome carpet and a good deal of furniture of a plain kind. His secretary sat at another table writing most

of the time, for the village sheiks exercise magisterial functions. After a preliminary course or two of rather highly spiced viands, served in European fashion, the *pièce de résistance* came on. The table was cleared and a flat iron dish, a yard in diameter, was placed there, and two servants bore in a half-grown sheep roasted whole on a wooden spit. This was deposited on the dish and the spit withdrawn. The sheik then proceeded to pull off the choicer parts with his fingers and place them on our plates, after which we were expected to help ourselves in the same "go-as-you-please" fashion. The meat was roasted very brown and crisp, and was not so nasty as it sounds. After this followed the great national dish of *couscous* — flour moistened and rolled by the hand into tiny balls like sago, then steamed and served with different sauces or raisins. A wife is valued, to a great extent, according to her ability to make *cous-cous*. We had lots of Algerian wine, which the sheik did not disdain to drink himself. Dates and pomegranates finished the meal.

The language was a difficulty, but we learnt something about the palm-growing industry. It all depends on the water-supply, and a water-right costs about 16*l.* per acre, which is a great deal more than the land itself is worth, and conveys a perpetual right to irrigate every three days. A palm-tree comes into bearing about five years after it is planted as a sucker, and when once it is in full bearing may produce to the value of ten francs per year. The owner has then little else to do but to open his sluices and sit in the shade.

Our next move was to Biskra, which has been often described. It is redolent of the desert, for the Arabs from the country, which may mean two hundred miles south, come here to buy and sell. The sights and smells of the market-place are curious. Huge packages of dates jammed into one solid mass are the leading commodity. The public letter-writers sit in the sunshine, while their customers whisper their correspondence into their ears. Another functionary bleeds the Arabs in the head, which they think improves their eyesight. The subject, wearing a solemn "having my hair cut" sort of expression, squats on the ground; the performer, similarly seated behind him, makes incisions, and "cups" him on the back of the head.

The flesh-pots of civilization did not detain us, but we struck out again for

the Ahmar Khadou range, a ridge of the Aurès mountains, two days' ride from Biskra. These mountains are inhabited by the Chawia, a branch of the Berbers, the original owners of the land, but dispersed by the invading Arabs, and driven into these fastnesses. They are stationary race, and build themselves stone villages, and wherever a hollow in the hill has accumulated a little soil they roughly terrace it and grow barley. To keep off birds and beasts they build a little pyramid of stones painted white, to represent a crouching Arab. Their villages harmonize so closely with the rocks that in a bad light you may stumble on one, and fail to see it is a village at all. On one occasion such a mishap did occur to two of our party. We had moved camp to the village of Hammam, of which they knew the approximate position, but they missed it, and slept supperless on the hill. We pitched our first camp by a little *ain*, or spring, the threadlike trickle of which was sufficient for our wants. Here, or hereabouts, we spent a week in a position even more commanding than the Metlili. Though we got two more sheep, our hunting adventures did not differ greatly from previous experiences. We varied our bag, however, by stalking a very large boar in the open, a somewhat uncommon experience, as those animals rarely leave the cover by daylight.

A goatherd, with whom we carried on a pantomimic conversation on the hill, after describing the way in which the aroui hide themselves, and then sneak away when you are gone, had told us there were immense quantities of boar in that part. "Halouf bezeff, beze-e-e-f!" he repeated, screaming out the last syllable, and waving his arms.

As we were returning to camp I saw between us and the setting sun the dim outline of a large animal, which I took for a donkey, of which there were several about. G. confirmed my impression, as he said he saw it wag its tail. We walked on, but presently I thought better of it and took out my glass, when I found it was a large boar. "Chutt! Sanglier!" and my companions dropped like pointers. It was odd that he had not seen us, but he was too busy with his supper, or rather his breakfast. There was no time to lose, as the light would soon be gone, and we crept towards him in full view, relying on his obtuseness of sight and preoccupation. At last we lost sight of him in some rough ground, and approached more quickly; then he reappeared, coming towards us,

and we again dropped to the ground. He fed down below us in a hollow, and we began to fear that he would get the wind. He was snouting about and at last got his head behind some bunches of halfa grass, though the rest of his body lay exposed. It was necessary to risk something, and, trusting that he would not raise his head, we jumped up and ran down into a little ravine, under the cover of which we quickly got to close quarters. G. took my rifle, as being more powerful than his own, for he really was as big as a donkey in the body. The light was now very dim, and all we could see was a great arching back. As a matter of fact G. mistook the shoulder for the other end. At any rate the shot was *very* far back. However it knocked the pig clean over, but he recovered himself with a loud "ouf," and made off. I missed him as he ran, but he seemed to realize for the first time that he had an enemy. He faced round towards us, and stood with his head high in the air. A steady second shot from G. laid him flat, and his death struggles made the dust fly. Celestin and I hurried off to camp for a mule, while G. completed the obsequies, and made a fire of dry scrub to show the spot. The brute was enormous, and tapered from the tip of the tail to the snout six feet two and a half inches, fair measurement, without stretch of string or imagination.

The Arabs, to whom he was the accursed thing, did not at all approve of having to handle him. One of them piteously exhibited to me a spot of blood on his clothes, apparently thinking that his injured conscience should be compensated. I told him to wash it — I mean his burnous. He seemed to think this was adding insult to injury.

On the last day on this range we watched a curious phenomenon. A high wind began to blow from the south, and columns of dust, hundreds of feet in height, marched in stately battalions across the plain. Though we were three thousand feet above it, the air gradually thickened into a fog, dense enough to blot out everything a quarter of a mile off, so fine as to be quite impalpable, though in time it settled as a delicate bloom upon everything in the tent.

Returning to Biskra, our next expedition was to the eastwards, to El Gattar, a pretty camp in a river bed. Although for the most part dry, a small stream rose a short distance below, and fell into a natural bath of white rock fringed with maiden-hair fern. Dense masses of oleander sur-

rounded it, and were the nightly roost of countless desert sparrows. We pitched camp under a low white cliff from the crannies of which miniature owls looked out. Our Arab followers thought there was something uncanny about the place, and tried to dissuade us by saying that the cliffs would fall upon the tents, or that the floods would come and wash us away. Nothing would induce them to sleep there themselves. The Arab whom we picked up here for a local guide was the best specimen that we encountered, Achmet Ben Saad by name, a good-looking gentleman with a Scotch face and courteous manners. I suppose that he had never been in the company of Europeans before, for he took an intense interest in all my proceedings. Whenever anything happened he seized my hand and bowed his head over it; as, for instance, when I slipped and recovered myself, also when I failed to do so; again if I understood what he said, or equally when I did not. Most effusively of all when I offered him some tobacco and thin paper which I happened to have in my pocket; the climax being reached when I lighted his cigarette with my sunglass. But this was a forbidden joy which he would have piously refused if any of his friends had been by. When luncheon time arrived I was very hungry and particularly anxious not to share my store with Achmet. I knew he had brought nothing with him, for they are the most abstemious race, and I hoped that his scruples would prove stronger than his appetite. With some confidence, and with a great show of politeness, I handed him my slices of meat, well knowing that he had seen them frying in grease. This was of course rejected, and bread also. A biscuit he nibbled with extreme caution, evidently in terror lest some fragment of fat should poison his soul. There remained the *bonne bouche* of my luncheon, a handful of luscious dates. So far I had got all the credit of my generosity, without having lost any luncheon. Grown over-confident, I chanced it, and handed the packet to him. To my horror his eyes glistened with eager joy, his lean fingers outstretched and clasped the whole brown mass, gathering it together to the last fruit. These same dates of Tuggurt were a joy and consolation to us throughout the trip, but they had their troublous side. They had an awkward habit of getting loose among the clothes, and especially the blankets, and there dispersing themselves, till there was nothing left but the mere skeleton of a stone. There was no

remedy except the Arab plan, to rub over the greasy stain with a handful of desert sand. Dry dirt is their only soap, and it is not ineffective.

From the adjoining range of Bou Arif we again took sportsman's toll, but the old patriarch ram for whom we lusted eluded us to the last. Only on the last day, on our way back to the railway and civilization, did a real bit of unexpected luck fall in our way.

Once on the Ahmar Khadou range I had caught a glimpse of a herd of gazelles, which from the length of horn of the leader I believe to have been the large mountain kind. I was shifting camp and riding one of the mules, when twelve of these handsome animals crossed the track. Of course the rifle was behind, and by the time I went after them I found an Arab with a gun as long as himself in front of me. He had already succeeded in showing himself to them, and further pursuit was useless.

We thought there was little chance of obtaining this coveted trophy, but between our last camp and El Outaja there is a long red ridge called Ben a Chouf, on which we were told there were some of these edmi. We were very sceptical, as the ridge was a low one, and there were Arabs all over it, for we could see their fires on it at night. Still it lay on the way, and we would try a drive.

Going forward to a point about two-thirds of the length of the ridge we climbed up it, and posted ourselves on the rocky crest, while our men drove it along. A small herd of the common gazelle were seen to take to the plain, but nothing came to the guns. Climbing a high point which commanded the remainder of the ridge, we sat down for a careful spy, and Celestin presently made out four gazelles, which were assumed to be the common kind, on a stony plateau far below us. An Arab woman was gathering brushwood for fuel in the same field of the telescope, and though really at a lower level of the mountain, this added a further spice of excitement, lest they should get her wind.

My companions, as they always did, wished me to take the chance. They stayed at the top, and there are few more interesting things than to watch the approach from a station which commands both the stalker and the stalked. Before starting we arranged a code of signals by which the watchers could indicate the direction of the animals if they should move during the progress of the stalk, a common practice with chamois hunters,

but one, in my experience, often leading to mistakes.

We disappeared from their view, and after the lapse of half an hour were seen emerging from the gully some hundreds of feet below and apparently close to the gazelles. They saw that I reached the appointed spot, and laid the rifle for the shot, but no shot was fired. The fact was that the distance, foreshortened to them, was too great for a certainty, and I waited for the beasts to feed into the next ravine. This they presently did, and we crept forward to a mound from which we should see them reappear. Here we waited in suspense, and at length turned an inquiring telescope upon our companions. They were signalling that the animals had gone up the ravine. They had seen one do so, but the others really remained opposite to us. The mistake nearly cost us dear. Our steps on the loose rocks were heard. We saw three bounding forms, but they had heard and not seen us, and paused on the other side long enough to give me the desired chance. I thought I was steady, but to my disgust I heard the bullet clink on the stones. They went off with a rush, and my second shot went anywhere. They had run a hundred yards, when one lagged, and Celestin said, "Mais il est bien touché!" The next moment his heels were in the air, and a "whoop" went up to those on the top, to be answered by a similar pæan from them. When I examined my beast and found that it was a fine buck edmi, "scarce and little known," as an able naturalist describes it, the shouts expressed still greater triumph. My first shot had passed through his heart and out at the other side.

This was a good finish, and made up our bag of large game to seven head; not a murderous one, but sufficient when the rarity of the trophies is considered.

Six days later we were in London.
E. N. BUXTON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
HELIGOLAND — THE ISLAND OF GREEN,
RED, AND WHITE.

THE name Heligoland suggests to most people such ideas of distance and difficulty of access that it may be surprising to know that even in winter it is only some thirty-six hours' journey from London via Flushing, though it is true so rapid a flight can only safely be ventured on when one has made a careful study of

time-tables, for the winter communication between the island and Hamburg is limited to twice a week, and an unwary traveller might find himself stranded for three days or more at Cuxhaven. It was a dreary night on the last day of February last year when the writer arrived at the Pariser Bahnhof; all day long the train had travelled through the deserted winter fields of the Netherlands and north Germany, where snow, league after league, lay dull in a murky light. In Hamburg the cold was intense; the streets were heaped with snow; and every one who could afford furs was wrapped in them to the nose. Very unlike the mild and humid weather of our country, where spring had already made half-a-dozen furtive starts; and had the severity of the cold been anticipated, no chronicler might then, at all events, have made acquaintance with winter on the North Sea. But once in Hamburg there was no use hesitating about going further, and next morning I was on board the Rostock when it turned its sharp prow from Cuxhaven harbor to crash through the acres of hummocky ice which lay widespread outside. The air was cold, but not unpleasantly so, and the experience of grinding through ice made one feel half an arctic voyager.

The sea was calmer than many a time in summer, and by three o'clock I saw my faithful boatman at hand, and in five minutes received a warm welcome on the little pier of Heligoland, and in another five minutes was settled in comfortable rooms.

Familiar as one may be with Heligoland in summer, with its glittering sea, its gay *cafés*, its operatic fishermen, its medley of princes and *Kaufleute*, of grand-ducresses and humble tourists, he can form no idea of what it is like in winter. I had heard many accounts from Heligolanders of their peculiar life in winter and of their present festivities, and yet coming with some anticipation of what I was to see, I was more than surprised and interested. Not a *café*, not a shop seemed open. The little bay, in summer crowded with boats, had now but two or three. All the other boats were drawn up on the shore, and even along the sides of the picturesque but extremely narrow street which leads from the pier. Snow lay everywhere—not the snow of dwellers in town, but the clean, powdery, dry snow which flits with every puff of wind, and knows no traffic save the occasional feet of the pedestrian. It need scarcely be said that in Heligoland there is no cart nor horse nor other animal

save sheep—and the sheep are housed and out of sight. The sea was calm; the air was clear, and during most of my visit the sun shone with effect altogether dazzling on the constant mantle of winter. The people bear out entirely the opinion of Oetker, the island's best German historian, who spent a winter among them. In summer they are agreeable, but certainly reserved until one knows them well; but in winter they are the most charming of hosts. "We are in winter only one big family," said Frau Jansen to me; and this is entirely true. In summer the Heligolander tries, and naturally tries, to make as much money as he can, though no one could say that his prices are fancy prices; but in winter there are no strangers, and no occasion for much exertion until the fishing season begins towards the end of March. So life is spent in enjoyment of the simplest kind; and the difficulty the writer felt was rather to avoid trespassing too much on the Heligolanders' hospitality and their desire to make his stay enjoyable, than otherwise.

On the evening of the first of March the great fancy-dress ball took place. Ordinarily the Heligolanders dance in one of two wooden buildings on the Oberland, built originally for the use of the legion raised abroad during the Crimean war. But to-night the Conversations Haus, where *Badegäste* usually dance, was *en fête* for the natives. By nine o'clock this large room was lined three deep by rows of chairs filled with Heligoland wives and girls, who were not going to be masked. Between the central pillars stood a crowd of Heligoland youths, all in their best—and a stalwart, healthy, hearty set they are. In a gallery was the band. Soon the masquers began to come in—and for half an hour or so in ever-increasing numbers they marched two by two round the room. They were all without exception Heligoland lads and maidens; they were all (as every one is in Heligoland), if not poor certainly not rich, yet the variety and tastefulness of their costumes was such as would have done no discredit to any fancy ball in Great Britain. The ball is of course no novelty; the Heligolanders are passionately fond of dancing (like all islanders; were not the St. Kildans also, until the minister put a stop to it?), and they have, besides their many week-day dances, a dance every Sunday and at least two fancy-dress balls each year. This familiarity at once enables the dancers to wear their grotesque costumes with ease of manner, and stimulates them on each

occasion to new flights of millinery. Of course most of the costumes are the work of those who wear them. Sailors, and ideal representatives of all nations (even of Scotland, so far as a short and rather theatrical plaid went) were there; and the humor of the occasion was intensified by the antics of two enormous "women," who wheeled a perambulator in the supposed manner of fashionable summer visitors. Every one came to be pleased, and was pleased; everybody knew everybody, and no more amusing or friendly dance can well be imagined; there was excellent music, and all the band were Heligolanders.

The following day being Saturday, there was as usual no festivities of any kind; from Saturday afternoon to Sunday afternoon is practically the Sunday of all the North Frisian islands. There is an excellent reading-room in winter for the people, amply stored with newspapers and books, and this is crowded from about five o'clock each day to eight o'clock. Up-stairs on the Oberland there is in Jansen's Bier-Halle (well known to summer visitors) what is practically a Heligoland club for the older men. There Klaus or Hamke will come, say twice or thrice a week, to drink a glass of beer and play a game of cards with his cronies. Each party of four has its own table. No one would think of sitting at a table which by prescription is reserved for another; and each evening from twenty to thirty gather for their customary amusement. In its stillness and order this room much more nearly resembles the card-room of a West End club than it does any restaurant known to dwellers on the mainland. In an adjoining room younger Heligolanders play billiards—Königsspiel, pool, Carambole, etc.—with rather more noise, and with that lusty chaff and good-humor which are among the most attractive features of their character. Several of them play very well indeed. Such amusements as these surely do credit to the people of this remarkable little island. There are few people of any race who get more pleasure out of life for a trifling cost than does a Heligolander. Of course he does not get daily letters or newspapers, but he does not miss them. His world is a very small one, but it has abundant interests of its own; he has unlimited opportunities for flirtation, and takes advantage of them; while the knowledge that everybody has of everybody else's position (and indeed actions) makes conduct of any seriously improper kind practically impossible.

Public opinion punishes more severely than could any judge a breach of the universal good faith; for to anybody who transgresses the social decorum, such as it is, there is but one course open — compulsory self-banishment — and to leave Heligoland forever is to its sons more bitter than death. Crime there is none, for the like reason, — and for another, that no criminal could possibly escape except with the connivance of practically the whole population. This difficulty of escape was amusingly illustrated last year. Two housebreakers from Hamburg came across on a professional visit. They had a highly successful evening's work; every door stood open; they had only to watch when no one was by, step boldly in, and carry away what they cared for. They got altogether a very handsome booty. But they had forgotten one little detail. *There was no steamer leaving Heligoland the following day till two o'clock in the afternoon.* Long, long ere then the thefts had been discovered, the robbers lodged in prison, and the stolen property restored to its owners. When escape is impossible, villainy of any kind can hardly flourish. So the Heligolanders are honest whether they like it or not; but long custom has made them honest by choice as well as by force. It is one of the rarest things for the little Heligoland prison to have any inmates; when it has any, they are there for very trivial offences, and occupy themselves in singing (as Heligolanders will always do when they get a chance), and their friends stand outside and sing in unison, to keep them company. As I have mentioned elsewhere, a Heligolander, if arrested, will go to the prison by himself, ring up the warden, and tell him he is in custody. Altogether the island is in its ways so peculiar and unconventional that this procedure is regarded by any accidental delinquent as only natural and proper.

On the three days preceding Ash Wednesday the Heligolanders danced every night on the Oberland, and besides, there were various singing parties in one or other of the restaurants. Among the dances, I was privileged to see one of the genuine old Frisian dances, never danced during the season for fear of the scoffing of tourists. I cannot describe its many movements, but at intervals the dancers form a ring and simultaneously *duck*, — I know no other word to describe the movements; subsequently, at another marked point in the music they go down on their knees for a second; and lastly, and most

curious of all, at another momentary pause they not only go on their knees, but bend forward until their noses touch the floor, then in a second they are again on their feet in a rapid waltz. This is called the "Spring-danz," or jump dance. Although "Sling mien Moderken" is claimed by the Heligolanders as their typical national dance, I am inclined to think that it *may* be borrowed from the Scotch reel; and strange to say, it seems a greater favorite in summer (when visitors pay for the music being played) than in winter, when the dancers could have it for the asking.

Wild-fowl shooting and skating are among the minor amusements of winter in Heligoland. Skating-space one could scarcely look for in an island that is only one mile long, but Heligoland boasts itself complete in everything, and the skating-pond is not lacking, though it is only a somewhat circumscribed depression in the Oberland. Here, protected from the wind by high banks, young Heligolanders skate about all day to their unqualified satisfaction, and if they want a change they can almost as easily skate up and down the streets of the little town on the Unterland. All around is snow, no earth is visible — snow on red roofs, on green palings; and all around as far as the eye can reach is the North Sea, a dazzling blue in this clear March sunshine, that makes every particle of snow gleam and shine as though sprinkled with diamonds. The air is absolutely still; no sound of traffic or of noise can reach this sequestered isle; there is nothing to do, and every man, woman, and child — save, alas! the school children — knows there is nothing to be done, no money to be earned, no visitor to go-a-sailing, no ship will arrive, no post can come. Isolated as Heligoland seems in summer, it is now trebly lonely. But the loneliness is not incompatible with contentment, and not contentment alone, but real lively enjoyment of all the good things their prudence and industry in summer has enabled them to enjoy in winter.

This is the time, too, when most of the wooing is done. No real fishing begins till the middle of March, so for the first three months of the year, the Heligolander's heart, rather anticipating the spring, lightly turns to thoughts of love. All the summer long he will flirt with the German *Dienstmagd* who come over for the season; but it is comparatively rare for one of these alien maids to become settled as a Heligolander's wife. The Continental maiden is apt to weary of her island home,

and the Heligolander, with the practical foresight which distinguishes him throughout his life, prefers to flirt with the Germans, but to choose his wife from among his own people — to win some girl baptized at the same font as he was baptized, taught on the same benches as he was taught, confirmed within the same old church where he was confirmed — some girl who will be like his mother in all her knowledge of Heligoland household ways, accustomed to simple fare, not too proud to carry nets, nor take her wifely share of the humble joys and sorrows of the fisherman's life. The women of Heligoland are, generally speaking, small and gracefully formed, and present a remarkable contrast to their tall and strapping mates. The female loveliness is unfortunately somewhat transient, no doubt owing in large measure to the inferior fare and rough work with the nets. No idea of female suffrage is ever likely to enter a Heligolander's head. His idea of the relation of the sexes is the old one that the man is the head of the wife, and that women, take them as you like, are an inferior order; they are kind and courteous to their women in all respects, but there is no doubt who is lord and bread-winner. The patriarchal system has scarcely died out. Each lusty, broad-shouldered son, though he may have passed his twenty-first birthday, requires to give all or nearly all his earnings to his father so long as he lives in his father's house. When he marries, and takes up house for himself, then only does the *patria potestas* come to an end. Heligolanders as a rule marry young; there are more women than men, and it is not difficult to find a mate. Housekeeping is not an expensive job, and there is plenty of money to be earned, if a man is intelligent and industrious. It may be some time before the young husband has a boat of his own, for a boat costs £25 (they are all built in the island), but he can always hire one, paying for its hire about thirty-five per cent. of the payment he himself charges; and often he has the luck to get the present from some rich and frequent visitor, who has known him probably since he was a youngster playing at *gröschen in d'grabe*, of money to buy a boat, conditional on the donor always having the first right to its use. Heligolanders get many gifts, and it is to their credit that as a race they are so little spoiled. A regular visitor stands in a peculiar relation, however, to his boatman. Daniel or Tönnies will not

engage himself in the morning to any visitor until he knows if his regular patron requires his service. He sees to coats, and fishing-tackle, and bait, and everything needful, and is ever ready with good-humored joke or gossip. Thus far he is as other boatmen. But in the evening he is also your friend. He does not exactly shadow you, but he is ever at hand, as companion or guide or adviser. His is the first hand you clasp as you land on the little pier; his is the last bright, sun-tanned face which bids you adieu as you leave this charming island. It would be absurd to credit the whole race with angelic virtues; like every other people they have faults; but three virtues they may claim: honesty, courtesy, and cleanliness.

The winter passes at last; with March comes the fishing, but this industry has greatly decayed. Heligoland has no proper harbor, though one could be easily constructed. For fishing as it is now conducted, boats that have to be hauled on shore cannot compete with larger vessels, and the trade is passing away. No doubt the Heligolanders do not feel the lack of fishing so much, because they make plenty of money in summer from the easier work of attending on visitors; but the summer season only lasts at the very utmost ten weeks, and if only as an occupation, the fishing industry should be encouraged. Further, it need scarcely be pointed out that if anything occurred to affect the attractiveness of Heligoland as a bathing resort, — if, for example, the Düne were swept away, or at the very least if a succession of cold summers greatly diminished the average length of each visitor's stay, — the position of the people might be a very serious one. Fishing, whether of cod, lobster, or oysters, should be regarded as the Frisian's main source of livelihood. Fishing, to parody Sir Walter Scott's saying about literature, is the fisherman's crutch, — summer-junketings may make an excellent cane. Everything that can help the fisherman legitimately to earn his livelihood by his own proper work is commendable, and it will be an unfortunate day for this fine people when they become mere gillies of the sea and lackeys of Hamburg Jews. Sometimes (so few can find suitable employment in proper fishing-boats nowadays) the Heligolander will go away for a voyage in winter. This is an old custom of his neighbors the natives of Sylt, and has saved that island from becoming a Frisian Skye.

When these people make money abroad they come home to spend it, or rather to save it ; and this, too, though in a much less degree, is true of the Heligolander. With work in winter at fishing or in the merchant service, and attendance on the army of holiday-makers in summer, the dwellers in the lonely North Frisian islands should never know what poverty is, — and, it is fair to add, they very seldom do.

Turning from these prosaic details of Heligoland life, we find undoubtedly among the most interesting of Frisian legends those of the neighboring island of Sylt, which relate to a vanished race. Just as the Picts of Scotland are credited with all manner of marvellous feats in the way of buildings, etc., so the Ondereksen, the Unterirdischen, or Underground Folk, are the subject of many a weird tale. There are several subterranean or earth-houses in Sylt, so that the name given to the people who lived in them is appropriate enough. Indeed there are probably many of these curious houses waiting to be discovered. At a time when the more intelligent people began to discredit the stories of dwarfs and brownies, the fashion seems to have crept in of explaining the curious mounds and hillocks which one finds all over the island by saying that they were the graves of heroes or giants of old times. Investigation has proved how true the old legends were ; how untrue the modern. There were many elves ; there were no giants. For example, near Keitum, in Sylt, there is the Tipkenhügel, with a fine view of the north, east, and south corners of Sylt. This was, tradition says, the grave of heroes who fought against the Danes in the reign of Waldemar IV. The hill was opened in 1870, and a great heap of stones was found, but no trace of human remains. South-west of Keitum lie the Oewenhügel and Klöwenhügel. There, tradition said, lay the great sea-heroes Ow and Klow — Klow in his golden ship ; but when Professor Handelmann opened the mound, there was no trace of any human remains. On the other hand, we know that these mounds were the favorite trysting-places of the witches, and there they held their midnight revels. When a Sylt witch met another on their eerie errands abroad, or stumbled upon a Sylt sailor in foreign lands, the question to put to them was ever this : "Steit Oewenhöog ; steit Klöwenhöog ; steit Stippelstien nogh ?" — Stands yet the hill of Ow, the hill of Klow, and the Stippelstein ? And the answer as

the eerie ones fled was, "Da hebben wi so manne bliede Naght gehat" — There have we had many a blithe night.

But if the giants cannot be traced, the dwarfs can.* The Dänghoog, near Weningstedt, was opened by Dr. Wiebel of Hamburg in 1868. An undeniable dwelling of underground folk was discovered. It was approached in old times by a passage from the south, twenty-seven feet long and about two feet high. The central chamber is seventeen feet long, ten feet broad, and five feet high ; a fireplace was found, and the bones of a little man, clay urns, and stone weapons. Externally this dwelling is merely a swelling great mound, that no one would particularly notice. It is entered nowadays by a trap-door in the roof. The visitor descends a steep ladder and finds himself in a capacious enough chamber, lined by twelve huge blocks of, I was informed, Swedish granite, though how it got there I cannot imagine. One has the strangest feeling in the world in thus visiting the undoubted home of a race that has vanished as completely from the world as has the mastodon. Put a fire in this artificial cave, and you have the very home, not indeed of primitive man, of a man far indeed from primitive, but one who knew how to construct a most ingenious and far from uncomfortable dwelling, particularly well fitted for the inhabitant of a storm-swept island. The *Archaeological Review* for January, 1890, contains an interesting diagram of the earth-house known as Maes-how in Orkney. It closely resembles the Dänghoog, except that Maes-how has cells off the central chamber, and is larger in every way. Maes-how is, or rather was, approached by a passage fifty-three feet long, and for the most part two feet four inches to two feet six inches in height. The central chamber, when complete, was about twenty feet high in the centre, and is fifteen feet square.

How such dwellings as Maes-how and the Dänghoog were lit, whether there was a hole in the roof (to allow smoke to escape and air to enter), except in times of danger, we know not. Such houses are found all over what may be termed the region of Scandinavian influence ; but the people who built them are certainly not the Scandinavians of history. Dates in investigating matters of this kind are mere guesses ; but it is interesting to find in

* In the Krockhügeln Professor Handelmann of Kiel, however, found the skeleton of a man of six to seven feet ; in the larger Brönshoog a skull, and in the smaller Brönshoog some human bones.

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Mr. M'Ritchie's valuable article above mentioned that Maes-how "is believed to have been invaded about a thousand years ago. It was entered in the twelfth century by some of those Northmen who were on their way to the Holy Land ; and these early tourists have incised various inscriptions on its inner walls. But at that date it was empty, and had been rifled many centuries before. One legendary tale places the date of its original despoliation as far back as the year 920 ; and states that 'Olaf the Norseman,' was its invader ; and that he encountered its possessor, whom he overcame — after a deadly struggle. And since 'the common traditions of the country [up to the year 1861, when it was reopened] represented it as the abode of a goblin, who was named "the Hog boy,"' it would seem that the prevailing blood of the country-people, in that district, is akin to that of this 'Olaf the Norseman' ; and that, therefore, in this instance, the popular memory reaches back for nearly a thousand years, with the most perfect precision."* This observation is even more true of Sylt than of the Orcadians, — for century after century for what must have been a thousand years, the story was handed on from sire to son of a race of wild men, one of whose dwellings was the Dänghoog, a story only proved to be absolutely correct in 1868, when the Dänghoog — more fortunate than Maes-how — was for the first time opened, and its ancient tenant found on the floor of his prehistoric home. Singular indeed is the tenacity of man's memory.

But, it may be asked, if tradition so truly spake of long-forgotten homes, does it tell us nothing of the people who lived in them ?

Undoubtedly it does. But here we meet a difficulty of which archaeology, in the strictest sense, knows nothing. We verify the tradition of subterranean homes by going down into them and seeing for ourselves the very places. But when Hansen tells us a story which he heard from a very ancient *sehr gescheidten und gemüthlichen Frau aus Braderup*, that the underground folk sang and danced in the moonlight on the mounds above their houses, but were thieves, deceitful and idle, we know that to us it will not be given to find a red cap which these Pukas, as they are called, have worn, nor will the most unweared watcher see a midnight revel on the Dänghoog. Yet the tale is

not absolutely incredible. The old woman said these folk had stone axes, and we know they had, for they have been found. Nor is it in the slightest degree probable that the underground men were killed all at once by the invaders. Indeed Frisian history revels in accounts of the wars between the giants and the dwarfs — *i.e.*, the Frisian invaders and the indigenous population ; and long after the race was conquered, in the lonelier portions of an island that was always lonely, the remnant of the people would still live in the houses that their conquerors did not envy them ; would steal, since stealing was the only possible reprisal ; and when they sought the air by night on the green mounds that concealed their dwellings, they may easily have been seen when they thought themselves unwatched. Although as a race the dwarfs were long extinct, small families of good folk may well have survived, curiosities in the museum of man's history, and have become by rumor the brownies and fairies of mediæval Europe. Fairyland lies nearer our doors than we think. When the British Isles were invaded from the fens of Holstein and from Sylt itself, it is not difficult to understand how the legends of goblin and sprite, of wee men, and uncanny powers were brought into our islands ; while Scottish travellers from the Orkneys and Perthshire, where there are numerous traces of underground houses, could confirm the tale. Indeed, while Alfred ruled England, it is not impossible that a solitary red cap or two still sat in the moonlight on the white sand-hills of Sylt, the last of a vanished race, already living anew in the minds of men as gnomes and fairies. The development may be said to have taken this form : we have (1) a race living chiefly, or at times of necessity, in underground houses ; (2) the race conquered — the survivors living perchance in these houses for safety ; (3) the race almost exterminated — those who still live are regarded, for the most part, as wicked, impish, or mischievous — but with some exceptions in the case of those who may have rewarded protection by faithful if somewhat mysterious service ; (4) the race quite exterminated, living in tradition, partly (a) as a vanished people, but for the most part (b) as demons or fairies.

It is curious to find that even in this century traces of the little people are supposed to be found in words and rhymes in children's games in Sylt — words meaningless in themselves, but ascribed by

* *Arch. Rev.*, vol. iv., p. 403.

tradition to the old race. If this is really so, then children again do here prove themselves the true folk-lorists. I have often doubted whether the folk-lore, and, we may add, traces of the speech of the past, are really handed down, as the saying goes, from sire to son; and I am rather inclined to take it that the links are much nearer and closer in the chain of tradition than father and boy,—it is rather the children who tell each other; the little maid of thirteen or fourteen who tells the boys of nine and ten, who again, as they grow older, pass on the same stories and the same rhymes in a very conservative way. Grown-up people have an unhappy habit when telling tales of their youth of embellishing the narrative with the aid of the experience which life has given them since they first heard the narrative, Children happily don't read much; in Sylt they could not, because there were no books,—to the present day no book has been printed in Heligolandish; and if they romanced a bit, it was only a little, for the very scene of every Sylt legend was near enough for any child to visit, and literal accuracy of detail—where such accuracy was, in fact, impossible—was probably the greatest defect of that primitive folk-lore society, the children of Sylt.

Hansen unfortunately does not seem to have noted the exact words of which he spoke; but he gives the following tale, first in German, then in the Sylt dialect.

Once upon a time three witches were belated at a midnight dance. One of them, called Glühauge, sat upon a sand-hill, and gazed at the glow of the approaching dawn; when lo! she beheld two other witches speeding towards her, one known as the "Lame Duck," for she waddled about as she came; the one behind was called the "Wild Cow," for she ran fast over the plain. Glühauge called out, in banter, to the Lame Duck: "Run, run Lame Duck; I'll back you against the Cow, though she ate the lout" (zur Wette mit der Kuh, die den Rekel [grossen Kerl] ass).* But as she spoke, at that moment uprose the sun, dispelling the twilight, and making the hill all shining. "Huh! what was that?" cried she, affrighted, and fled to the devil; the game was done.

In Syltish:—

Gleesooge seet üp Stinkenbarig
En gliüret ön de Daageruad.

* This is somewhat obscure, unless *rekel* has a special meaning.

Jü terret höör Sester
Laap, laap, lam Enk,
Hur de Kü rent,
Diar Rekel eet!
Hu! wat wiar dit?
De Daageruad spleet;
De Barig bruun önder.
Gleesooge floog naa de Hinger.

And here may I mention that evidently the Sylt witches knew their rights as to time a great deal better than do the people who write shilling shockers about them. Witches and ghosts are nearly always represented nowadays as fleeing at the midnight hour. This is a very modern notion. The witches of olden times had a much longer time to themselves—clearly up to sunrise. It was certainly

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,

before Tam o' Shanter set out on his way home; when he beheld the witches' revel it must have been nearly one, and Burns knew the superstitions of his countrymen too well to make a mistake in his folklore. On Christmas eve, indeed, English ghosts seem to have fled when the last sound of the midnight bell died away. But otherwise witches and ghosts had from sundown to sunrise for their cantrips and witcheries. In short, the idea of *an early closing hour for ghosts* is a purely modern one.

Who were these people who conquered the underground folk? The story common in the North Frisian islands is that they came from the East in the Mannigfald, and landed between the Schelde and the Riperfurt. There are many versions of this story. One tells of a people of the Levant who, in consequence of great tumults or pressure, were forced to leave their native land and seek a new home, under the leadership of one called Uald. All seafaring people, they chose rather to journey by water than overland, and in one great ship—or in a flotilla of small ships, as is much more probable—they set sail. For some days all went well; then arose quarrels about many matters—the rule on board, the course of the ship, etc. Happily a great storm arose, which made them note how important it was for their own safety that they should be of one mind. The simplest way of securing this end, and of pacifying the angry sea-god, was obviously to throw the troublesome members of the crew overboard, and this was done with the most satisfactory results. Scarce had the last

Jonah gone when the wind fell ; the clouds melted away, and in the pleasant night sky Orion, the *Mori-Roth* of the Frisians, was seen, and his belt or peri-pikh showed the way to the west. All was peace and joy after the storm, when, as our novelists say, "a strange thing happened." There was a plashing at the bow, and on the prow appeared the figure of a pale man with long hair and garments dripping wet.

No word did he speak, not a glance did he throw on the awe-struck seamen, but leapt at once into the darkness of the ship's hold. No one followed the stranger, but all waited in awe for his reappearance. Then from the deepest recesses of the ship came strange and awful sounds, and every man held his breath. It was as if the stranger were pleading with the spirit or god of these travelling folk for pity, for safety, for deliverance from their great sufferings. Then clear and distinct came the answer : "Hear my voice, and be obedient to my words. Justice, unity, and hope are all-essential for the good of the folk, so long as they are on the earth." The warning words of Uald (who now seems not so much captain as spiritual leader, or ship's spirit), "Justice, unity, and hope," echoed through the ship ; every man heard them, and in each man's soul they sank deep. Three days and three nights was this strange conversation repeated. Then one day the stranger disappeared as marvellously as he came, and, as they passed a jutting rocky point, the mariners saw in the twilight the pale figure of their intercessor for the last time.

When morning broke, the bravest of the party sought the Spintje, as the lowest hold was called, and sought for any traces of the mysterious stranger or of the ship-spirit, and were rewarded by finding a Ziegenhaut — skin or parchment — with these words : "To become a just, united, and happy people ye must have laws and judges ; so long as ye are on this pilgrimage, or in danger, ye must bear the yoke of a king, and do what he bids you. When ye come to land, this ye must do : settle yourselves in peace, and forget not justice, love, and hope shall dwell with you, and of them have ye the signs." And when the skin was quite unrolled, three little golden figures of these virtues were found thereon.

Many hundred years later, says our Frisian story-teller, one would find in most Frisian houses and on the ships' representations of the same virtues — justice as a woman, with sword and balances ; unity

or love, a woman with three babes, one nestling in her bosom ; hope, with one hand on her anchor and with the other holding a bird. These were carved on walls and cupboards, or worked in metal.

The reader of the writing was Freso, and he the wanderers chose to be their king, or visible Uald. But their troubles were by no means at an end, and they had many adventures before passing through the Pillars of Hercules, which the Frisians call *dit Nau*. Then they entered the Atlantic, which they call "the Spanish sea." There they found great storms and thick mists, and thought they had reached the end of the world ; but the courage of Freso, and of his brother, who was steersman, pulled them through. At last they saw a sail, which they took at first to be a spectre, followed it, and passed through the English Channel. Freso landed at last at Vlies or Flushing (and if we believe the chronicler Heimreich, it was in autumn, 313 B.C.); Saxo, his brother, went to Hadeln ; and Bruno, another leader, fixed on the Weser, and founded Brunswick.

It is difficult to know what to make of this strange tale. I am inclined to think it is made up of two or three stories of very varying dates. The oldest part probably relates to the arrival of the Frisians from over the sea, led by their god, who in later times was, by euphemistic process, turned sometimes into Uald, the old or elder one, sometimes into Freso ; that the vessel came from the East, and passed through the Pillars of Hercules, is purely mediæval embroidery, when it was the fashion to trace the descent of every people from fabulous Eastern travellers. *Where* the people came from I am not concerned here to inquire, the more that, according to local tradition, the islands were nearly depopulated at the time of the invasion of England, and were taken possession of by Jutes, whose traditions, especially as to their race's origin, may well have got mixed with the traditions of the Frisian Islanders proper. Now Jutland, we know, has its legend in the younger Edda of Odin's long pilgrimage from the East, and how he came to "Reidgothland, which is now called Jutland, and there took possession of as much as he wanted."* It is at the least a possible theory — I claim no more for it — that the Jutes may have imposed the legend of an Eastern origin

* Rydberg, Teutonic Mythology, 1889, p. 27.

upon the simple Syltist's tale of the island's conquest by tall men from over the sea.

I have given this rambling tale at perhaps too great length. But there is a substratum of truth in it. The Frisians or invaders, call them what we will, were strangers to the low-lying marsh-lands and islands which they occupied, and they came over sea, and not over land. "Frisia" is an expression so confusing that I do not intend to pursue a subject quite foreign to this paper and try to define it, and shall simply assume that a band of hardy sailors landed in one or another of the North Frisian islands, and finding the fishing good and the bays convenient for boats, proceeded to slaughter the inhabitants, the small people, active but unskilled, of whom we have already heard. There are many legends of the fights; they were like all other battles, very bloody and very glorious — to the winning side. I think most of the accounts are entirely apocryphal. One or two points, however, are interesting. The head of the dwarfs was King Finn, and the underground house he lived in can still be seen. Finn is a very interesting name. Grimm says: "Fin is spoken of in the 'Traveller's Song,' as ruler of the Frisians — 'Fin Folcwalding weold Fresna cynne' — which confirms the statement of Nennius that his father's name was Folcwald (or Folcwalda). Again Fin appears in Beowulf. It is side by side with Fin that Beowulf introduces Hengist, a great name with the Kentishmen; must not they have been a Frisian rather than a Jutish race?"* This may be quite true; the Kentishmen are probably Frisians, but Sylt was in all likelihood populated by Jutes after the exodus to England, and then it was that Finn became head of the dwarfs — *i.e.*, of a vanished, or at least conquered and vanishing race.

Heligoland is not so rich in legends as is Sylt. The Heligolanders have, however, several quaint songs which are worth attention. One or two of them have been recently printed, but he will be a remarkably clever tourist who gets a Heligolander to sing them. The Heligolanders are very agreeable to casual visitors, but they keep their old customs, their legends, and their songs, for the winter time, when none but their own kin as a rule are nigh. They know their green island, with its red rocks and white strand, is a quaint corner of the world, and they would fain keep it so.

From Murray's Magazine.

OLD LORD KILCONNELL.

OLD LORD KILCONNELL was a very old acquaintance of mine, but I had never been thrown into any special relations of intimacy with him until the autumn before last, when the following little succession of events occurred, which I have at present to relate.

I had gone to spend a few days with the Carrolls, kind friends of mine of long standing, who possess the most delightful little home conceivable upon the shores of Queenstown Bay, upon the edge of one of its long, fiord-like arms. All sorts of wonderful things grow in their garden: eucalyptuses and aloes; cassias and yuccas; begonias, making a glory of lichen-covered walls; a jungle of bamboos along the edge of a pool; palms — or I believe palmettos; nay, in one sheltered nook a tree-fern, which had survived two winters, although its fronds, I am bound to add, were beginning to look not a little shrivelled and sorry for themselves. Up to the edge of all this sub-tropical luxuriance the salt waters of the bay would come curling and crinkling in, salting the grass, and leaving behind them long streamers of oily-looking seaweeds, which clung to the edges of the bank, and peered up in all directions upon the lawn. I used sometimes to wonder what they and those fine acclimatized creatures in the flower-beds thought of one another!

It was autumn — an Irish autumn at its best. The sun shone with a sort of mild and sleepy benevolence upon the reluctant falling of the leaves; upon the grass, touched at the summit with a trail of brown, as though fiery fingers had been carried along it, but fresh still and green below. Standing at the window of my friend's sitting-room the morning after my arrival, I could see a rush of small wavelets carried in upon the shoulders of the tide, and gradually filling up all the sinuosities of the little channel, each wavelet drawn out in a long, fanlike tail like the train of a comet, and getting thinner and thinner, until recruited by another rush of water, which swept it round the flanks of the next green headland, over the sand and the slush, until, its impetus exhausted, it wore itself out amongst the grass and mosses at the top.

Unlike the greater part of Ireland, where the original woods have been pared to the stump (early Irish colonists like some modern ones regarding the largest attainable clearing as the source of the greatest pride), the shores of Queenstown

* Deutsch Mythologie, Stallybrass, iv. 1723.

Bay are fairly well off for verdure. Immediately opposite to where I was standing, a house with ugly, ornamental chimneys showed upon a piece of rising ground, the Great House *par excellence* of the neighborhood. For all its ugliness, it was a stately looking abode in its way, with a great sweep of wood behind, and two wide-spreading wings linked to the main body by colonnades in a pseudo-classical fashion. Big as it was, and really magnificent as was the reach of woodland carried up upon the shoulders of the hill, there was something just then to my mind at once pitiful and lugubrious about its aspect, a lugubriousness which even the glow of generous sunlight under which it lay failed to correct.

In front spread a terrace with vases ranged at intervals; then the path suddenly narrowed, and dipped into a hollow amongst the trees, where it remained a long time invisible, re-emerging at last in the form of another terrace stretching for some distance along the shore, from which it was only divided by a balustrade, also adorned at intervals with vases. Why it was I hardly know, but the whole place seemed to me to have taken on an air of decadence, almost of out-of-elbowness, since I had seen it last; the woods had grown thicker; the vases, which at this season used to glow with geraniums, were empty; the windows of the house shut, and only a barely discernible thread of smoke was rising languidly out of one of the great chimneys.

"Is Lord Kilconnell at home?" I enquired of Kitty Carroll, who had just returned to the room from an excursion to the kitchen regions.

"Yes, he is there," she answered, joining me at the window, and looking out across the channel at the opposite woods. "He has been there, in fact, ever since we returned in July. Poor man, it is so pitiful to see him!" she went on. "He has grown to look so old. Some one maintains that getting old is a question not of going down an inclined plane, but of running down-stairs — very uneven stairs — a jog, then a pause, then another big jog. If that is the case, Lord Kilconnell has gone down two or three steps at a time lately. He has never held up his head since Dermot died. He potters about the place, and has his dogs to keep him company, and sees after the eagles and seals, and the rest of the queer menagerie which poor Dermot brought together, but one can see that his heart is broken. Anything Dermot cared for — Dermot whom

he is by way of never having forgiven — he cares for, but nothing else."

"What was it, I forget, that happened exactly to Dermot?" I enquired. "I was abroad at the time, and one gets so hazy about everything when one is at a distance."

"Oh, it was a bad business, and it is getting an old one now," she answered rather curtly. "Poor Dermot! what a pleasant creature he was, to be sure!" she went on in a different tone, "with all his father's charm of manner, and that delightful boyish spontaneity of his own! To see him come into a room was to feel in better humor, to realize that the world was really, after all, an enjoyable sort of planet. How he came to be the brother of that dismal prig, Lord Sagart, is inconceivable! No wonder his father liked him the best. The Sagarts are the two dullest people in existence, it would be hard to say which is the most so, and do you know they entirely decline to be considered Irish. For the matter of that they might safely do so, for no one would discover it from their wits; conceive, though, a man whose name, though he happens to be called Lord Sagart, is really Patrick Murrough, declining to be considered Irish!"

"But do tell me what happened to Dermot," I persisted, for not being freer from the vice of curiosity than my neighbors, it was naturally tantalizing to be put off in this fashion. "He ran away with an actress, or a ballet girl, or something of that sort, and married her?" I added, by way of helping her on.

"An actress? Oh, no, it was worse, much worse, I am sorry to say than *that*. It was a girl down here. A girl belonging to their own property."

Kitty Carroll had left the window, but now came back and stood beside me, her hand resting on the ledge.

"There never was anybody so popular as poor Dermot was," she went on musingly. "The people about here literally adored him. Not being the eldest son, and having nothing therefore to say to the property or any of the disputed points, of course helped his popularity. After Lady Kilconnell's death he and his father spent nearly the whole of the year here, and there was always something going on. When he was not getting up pony races, or regattas for the fishermen, he was having laborers' dinners, teas for the women, bran pies for the children, I don't know what all! He used to offer prizes for the best pig, for the best rick of turf,

for the best jig dancer—for anything and everything. He once offered a prize for the man who would get first to the top of a hayrick with his hands tied behind his back! His father adored him, and let him do as he liked. You remember that summer you were last here, when we all went out to Inishgowan, how you declared they were like lovers? It was always so. They agreed in their tastes, or else Lord Kilconnell made his own tastes suit Dermot's. They were both devoted to yachting, and used to make excursions together to all sorts of places, and bring the yacht back full of strange beasts and birds. Of course Dermot ought to have had a profession, but somehow he was one of those people whom you never think of requiring to do anything definite. And he was never idle, always happy, and occupied about something. All went well, in short, until in an evil hour he fell in love with this girl, Mary Delaney."

"She was simply a peasant, you say?"

"Yes, sister of a right-hand man of Dermot's—Phelim Delaney—you may remember he was his prime aider and abettor; used to look after his hawks and eagles, and helped him to dig out that cavern at the bottom of the garden. He is there still, though I fancy it must be pain and grief to Lord Kilconnell to see him. This girl was very handsome, and Dermot saw a great deal of her one summer, and got into the habit of walking about with her, and going out to meet her of an evening. He was dreadfully weak about women, always falling in love with some one in a head-over-heels sort of way. It had gone on for some time, but at last her brother discovered it. You know how anything of that sort is regarded in Ireland? The girl's character, at any rate, was gone. Poor Dermot was at his wits' end, what with shame and remorse, and his own affection for her, and the reproaches which he knew would be heaped upon him from all sides, and the end of it was that he took her off to Cork one fine morning, and married her there before a registrar."

"And his father found it out, I suppose?"

"Of course. Such a thing couldn't but be found out sooner or later. At first he was simply indignant. But when Dermot told him that he was married to her—to a girl, remember, who had run about the place barefoot, weeded the walks and picked the gooseberries, married to a Murrough, perhaps the proudest people

in Ireland, and the vainest of their blood—there was a frightful scene. Both men had violent tempers when once they were roused, though no one would have expected it from seeing them on ordinary occasions. It ended by Lord Kilconnell ordering his son out of the house, and by Dermot retorting that he would never set foot in it again if his father went down on his knees to him to do so. He left that very night with his wife and took her abroad, though where they lived, or how they lived, no one knew, for he hadn't a farthing except an allowance from his father. Lord Kilconnell's anger prevented him from writing for a long time, but at last the silence frightened him, and no doubt he was yearning all the time to be friends again with Dermot, for he tried to discover the young couple's whereabouts. Whether he found it or not I don't know, but one morning, about three years ago, he received a letter telling him that Dermot was dead, he had died after a three days' illness of typhoid fever in some small town in France—Caen, I think."

"Poor man! Poor man!" I ejaculated, looking across at the woods in all their autumn glory, at a little sailing boat just rounding the next green point, thinking of the face that used to be the brightest thing in all that smiling scene.

"How did he take it?" I asked.

"He was found by one of the servants half an hour afterwards, fallen with his head upon the hearth-rug under Millais's big portrait of poor Dermot, which in spite of his disgrace always hung over the fireplace. He nearly died, and when he came to himself and began to get about again, he was feeble and almost childish—seemed to have grown twenty years older in that one miserable fortnight. He is better now, but his memory is very much impaired, and he cannot rouse himself to take an interest in anything."

"And the widow?"

"Money was sent to her, and she was told, I believe, that a certain yearly sum would be hers, but that she was to keep away from the place, or it would be immediately stopped. There was no boy, happily, perhaps, but I am told that there was a little girl, though to the best of my belief Lord Kilconnell has never enquired and knows nothing about her. He kept away from here for a year, since then he has come down from time to time, generally without being expected, and this year he has spent nearly the whole summer here. He is one of the very few people in this part of the county who has

never had any difficulties with his people. They pity him—and in Ireland that goes a long way. ‘He’s been cruel hard served, th’ ould lard has, God hilp him!’ a woman said to me not long since, and that seems to be the general sentiment. Now, too, that Dermot is dead, all their old affection for him has revived, and they feel kindly towards his father for his sake. Lord Kilconnell comes to see us now and then, and we try to get him to stay for dinner; but he is very shy, and disinclined for society, though he used to be so sociable. Now, however, that you are here I will ask him to come again. He will be glad, I am sure, to see you, and you can talk to him about old times in Italy and elsewhere.”

“Do,” I said, “I shall like to see him again.”

A few days later, Lord Kilconnell came across the sound in the course of the afternoon, and was induced, not without some little difficulty, to stay for dinner. He was indeed greatly changed since I had seen him last. Then, though no longer young, he had been a striking man, noticeable in the youngest company for his good looks, in the brightest for the quick flash and flow of his wit. Now he was bent, old, enfeebled, I might say extinguished. It could not be said that his faculties were any of them actually gone, but the first blur of age had perceptibly passed over them. You might have compared him to a singer who had lost her high notes, his memory had not failed, but the power of perspective was no longer there; the quickness of his perceptions, too, had gone, and his mind moved slowly, and chiefly in old and long familiar ruts.

The Cove, as my friend’s hospitable little domain is called, is very popular, and it was rarely that we sat down to dinner without at least two or three unexpected guests appearing. Most of these self-elected guests were yacht-owners, or members of the Yacht Club at Queenstown, so that a great deal of yachting talk went on, much of which was so excessively technical as to be practically over my head, and more than half, I own, unintelligible. On this occasion there happened to be only one guest besides Lord Kilconnell, a vehement and rather deaf old gentleman known as Commander Boss, an unmitigated bore, in my opinion, but a local institution, and as such tolerated, if not relished. Commander Boss’s one thought day and night was of yachts and yachting, indeed I never heard him open his lips upon any other subject. As the other guest, Lord Kil-

connell, had been a noted yacht-owner in his day, the commander on this occasion directed his conversation chiefly to him, persisting pertinaciously in recalling former seafaring experiences, which he fished up from the cosy depths of his memory, despite the evident disrelish of the other man for the subject.

“Dodger, now!” he began again, when we had hoped that the topic was momentarily shelved. “Dodger, you remember, my lord, who owned the Shrimp. When you knew her she was a yawl, wasn’t she? but before that he had a cutter, and after that a schooner, they were all Shrimps. Poor old Dodger, and he has gone to the shrimps himself now!” he added cheerfully, “for he died somewhere near the Azores, and was buried at sea. He always said he was to be buried at sea if he died on board the yacht, and so he was. He was the right sort, poor old Dodger!”

There was a pause, but our Old Man of the Sea had by no means done with his reminiscences. “Sir Wheeler Jones. You knew Sir Wheeler Jones when he was commodore of the yacht squadron, didn’t you, my lord?” he began again. “He was Tartar; by the Lord Harry, yes! Do you remember the time he applied to the Admiralty for leave to flog his men? Oh, you may exclaim, ladies, but it is true! Ask his lordship if it isn’t. Of course they wouldn’t hear of anything of the kind, and only laughed at him. But what do you think he did? Hired a fresh crew, and gave them fivepence-ha’penny a day extra on the understanding that he was to be allowed to flog them if he chose! And they agreed to it too, fast enough, be hanged if they didn’t! Only one ill-conditioned cur of a fellow, whom he had given a dozen to for something had him up before a Plymouth jury, and got damages, too, to the tune of five hundred pounds. Rum old codger, Jones! He’s dead too. Got rheumatic fever that time the Cormorant went down outside Falmouth harbor, and never stood straight again. I remember his coming on board the Cuttlefish at Cowes with two sticks under his arms, and his face twisted all awry! There was Dalby too—mealy-mouthed Dalby, we used to call him—he’s dead; died at Constantinople of the dropsy. Gad, I believe you and I are about the last of the old lot, my lord, and, by George! I suppose we shall be slipping our anchor pretty soon too, eh? Ha! ha!”

Lord Kilconnell bowed sadly, and replied that it was probable. His man

ner was very dreamy, though as full of a sort of old-world dignity as ever. After dinner he came and sat beside me a little apart from the rest of the circle. We talked about old times, for though I had never known him very intimately, we had met frequently from time to time, and had a good many reminiscences in common. Now and then a momentary lapse of consciousness seemed to come over him — a sort of film over the mind; his eyes would grow misty, and an oddly fixed expression come into his face, then the attack, whatever it was, would pass off, and he would resume his courtly, deferential talk as if nothing had happened.

I think he enjoyed his evening, in spite of old Boss's reminiscences, for after that he came pretty frequently to the Cove. It was lovely weather, and he would land of an afternoon from his boat, and walk up the gravel path which led from the little pier, two of his dogs generally following soberly at his heels. Here he would find us sitting about upon the lawn, the younger people playing tennis, we of an older and staider generation chatting or sipping our tea to an accompaniment of lapping waves, the reflections from the little fiord performing fantastic dances upon the grass and tree-trunks. Now and then a fishing or pleasure boat would appear, looking like some white blot or oddly shaped blossom amongst the leaves, the soft poetic sunlight of the south of Ireland streaming in uneven bands over the sward, and bringing out fresh eccentricities of tint amongst the orange and livid-colored begonias which were Kitty Carroll's especial pride and joy.

We took as little notice of his coming amongst us as we could, that being evidently what suited him best. He would settle himself into one of the basket-chairs, and either talk, or sit there silently stroking the silken head of Sheelah, his favorite red setter, who never seemed quite easy in her mind unless she was cuddling her nose into his hand, her great pathetic brown eyes fixed upon her master's face. Sometimes he would grow quite brilliant for a few minutes, all his old animation reviving as he described some scene in which he had taken part, or touched off in a few words some well-known character of a generation past. It was rarely that the flush lasted more than a few minutes, however; the impulse would die out as if extinguished, and he would drop into silence, and sit dreamily twisting and untwisting Sheelah's silky ears through his fingers. His love of pet animals em-

braced even children, and there was one little girl, Kitty Carroll's youngest child, who shared with Sheelah the right of standing beside his knee, and having her head stroked. One day I remember he arrived with a small black bundle stowed away under his elbow, and enquired for her. "Where's Dodo? where's my little Dodo?" Dodo was not long in appearing, and received a small black retriever puppy, with the wettest of noses and tightest of curled fleeces, like an Astracan lamb's — a piece of unusual munificence, I believe, the one point upon which Lord Kilconnell had always been accounted churlish by his neighbors being his dogs. He had the best breed of setters and retrievers in the whole south of Ireland, and had hardly ever, I was told, been known to give one of them away.

I stayed on longer that autumn at the Cove than I had originally intended; another visit in the south of Ireland which I had proposed paying having to be unavoidably postponed owing to illness, and the Carrolls hospitably insisting that the time thus left vacant must come to their share. Nor was I loath. The place was delightful; the people kindness itself; we made daily expeditions in their steam launch; visited everything worth seeing in the neighborhood; assisted at the departure of sundry White Stars and Cunarders on their Atlantic voyages; dawdled about the garden, and discussed horticulture, upon which subject my hosts were experts, and I an enthusiastic ignoramus. I got into the habit, too, of going over on my own account to Castle Murrough. (It is no more a castle, by the way, than this implement I am writing with is a stiletto, but then as every fourth house in Ireland is called castle, there is nothing noteworthy in that.)

Lord Kilconnell was always alone, and always received me kindly, seeming rather to enjoy the encroachment upon his solitude. There was something to me extremely touching in his relations with his immediate retainers, most of whom had been born, and were growing grey in his service. He was often extremely fractious, to the length of swearing at them with old-fashioned vigor, forgetful apparently for the moment of my presence. Upon these occasions the culprit, whoever it was, would stand, hat in hand, listening to the storm of words, which in most cases seemed to me to be thoroughly well deserved. Always, or almost always, however, there was a look of forbearance, of pity, in the corner of the offender's eye,

which seemed to neutralize and, as it were, reverse the relative position. Of this look Lord Kilconnell would himself seem conscious, for with a final "pish!" of anger, he would break off, and hurry away at a rate which obliged me to scuttle along in somewhat undignified fashion in order to catch him up.

After three weeks of this, in my experience of the south of Ireland, unexampled weather, a change occurred. For some hours an ominous calm "raged," as a Cork newspaper once expressed it. Then the wind began to get up, rain fell, and all at once a storm descended. Never had I seen so vindictive a storm! The flowers in the garden were broken short off at the stalks, and scattered like chaff over the walks; the trees rocked; branches were broken with a sudden snap. Everything was seized, throttled, destroyed; the whole grace and beauty of the season wrested from it at one fell swoop. In all directions the leaves were being flung about like flights of frightened birds; the birds themselves tossed like things devoid of all volition in handfuls about the sky. There was something piteous and cruel in this convulsive struggle of all nature against the invisible onslaught. The friendly trees, the brightly tinted creepers, the orderly walks and pretty flower-borders, all wore that peculiar pathos which clings to mild and orderly natures when brought into violent contact with a power before which they are helpless to do anything but to suffer. We gathered in the windows, and could do nothing but look on at their ruin, unable, of course, to interpose a finger.

Next morning, when the storm had abated, I took an umbrella, a pair of galoshes, and a mackintosh, and crossed over the little channel to Castle Murrough, where I found Lord Kilconnell, as I expected, sauntering alone upon the terrace with Sheelah at his heels. He proposed that we should go for a turn, to which I readily agreed. On this side, too, everything looked battered and saturated; the clouds hung grey and swollen over the dun-colored headlands; the woods dripped at every pore. I should have preferred (galoshes, notwithstanding) a drier walk, but Lord Kilconnell turned from the terrace to the walk that took us through the low-lying part of the woods towards the shore. It was a dank, melancholy one at any time, and naturally looked doubly so that day. A heavy scent of decaying vegetation met us as we advanced; there were one or two forlorn little summer-

houses stuck here and there, and at one place stood an aviary, in which a sulky-looking eagle was hopping disconsolately about, who fluttered and shrieked a discordant shriek of anger at the sight of Sheelah.

We crossed one or two level bridges made of logs, under which a lazy current of water, swollen with the rain, was slipping into a small, duckweed-covered lake, and presently came to a point where the path branched, one part leading to the shore, the other leading to a small, enclosed flower-garden, lying under a high, rocky bank.

A little girl was standing close to the gate which led to this garden with a bunch of flowers in her hands, not garden flowers, but common loosestrifes and such-like weeds, which she must have gathered along the edge of the stream. She was a pretty little creature, with light golden hair, and beautiful dark-blue eyes, dressed poorly, but not like a peasant's child, in a short black frock, with a broad band round her waist, well-fitting stockings and shoes, and a straw hat with a shabby black ribbon. Lord Kilconnell, with his usual liking for children, stopped to lay a couple of fingers upon her head, and ask her her name, to which she made a blushing and inarticulate reply, and we passed on into the garden, Sheelah lingering a moment to sniff solemnly round the child, which done, as if satisfied with the result, she also trotted leisurely on after her master.

The garden, which was larger than it appeared to be outside, ended in a sort of oval curve, overhung with a high cliff or bank of rocks and earth. At this end a sound of digging reached our ears, which seemed to come from underground, and looking more closely I perceived the mouth of a passage or cave, which seemed to penetrate for some distance, and from which the sound proceeded.

Lord Kilconnell started, and half turned, as if to leave the place. At the same moment the sound ceased, and a man appeared at the entrance of the cave, a big stalwart fellow, broad-shouldered and grey-eyed. He too started when he perceived his master, and lifted his cap with an air of embarrassment. Lord Kilconnell thereupon apparently relinquished the idea of retreating, and returned the man's bow with a friendly nod.

"Good-day, Phelim. Did Mr. Connor desire you to clear out that passage?" he asked.

"Deed no, me lard; 'twas meself thought 'twould be better. 'Tis two years

and more, yer lardship knows, since 'twas —

Lord Kilconnell put up his hand hastily. "Yes, yes, I know. Very well, only don't do more than is absolutely necessary. This is a nice plant of araucaria, is it not?" he continued, turning to me, and pointing to a shrub of sickly aspect, half-suffocated by grasses and wild briar.

I replied that it was, which was perfectly untrue, and we continued looking at it for some minutes in silence.

While we were still standing in the same place I chanced to glance back towards the entrance of the cave, and perceived to my astonishment that the man to whom Lord Kilconnell had spoken was going through the most extraordinary series of pantomimes. With his head still half-turned in our direction, he was flinging his hands, now upwards, now forwards, with a gesture directed towards some one at the other end of the garden, evidently with the desire of preventing that person's approach. Curious to see to whom this pantomime was addressed, I turned and saw that the little girl whom we had already noticed at the entrance had followed us into the garden, and was now standing some little way off, close to a clump of laurels, her little face puckered up into a not unnatural expression of bewilderment. A moment later Lord Kilconnell too turned, and a smile lit up his eyes! the peculiar smile which I had already noticed awoke there at the sight of children.

"Well, little girl, so you've come to look at the garden, have you?" he said. "There, don't be frightened. Go and pick some flowers for yourself. Who is she, Phelim?" he added, turning to the man and speaking in a lower tone.

But Phelim's face had assumed that expression of impenetrable stolidity which every one who knows Ireland is intimately acquainted with.

"Is't who, my lard?" he inquired, in a tone of the most admirably natural astonishment.

Lord Kilconnell stepped a little aside, and pointed to the child.

The man thereupon scratched his head with an air of blank unrecognition.

"Trath I dunno, my lard. Mayhap 'tis one of them lodger's chil'der that do be comin' to Kilmuck, your lardship knows, for the say water. Bad scran to them for lettin' them trespass over your lardship's grounds. Will I send her away then before she does be spoolin' the plants?"

"You never saw her before?"

"Is it me, my lard? Sure, how would I? 'Tis here to-day and gone to-morrow, that sort is."

"Very well, if you know nothing about her, I'll take her back myself, and find out who she belongs to. Come here, little girl, take this lady's hand, and come along with us."

The child, attracted apparently by his voice, had gradually approached of her own accord along the walk towards where we were standing. Lord Kilconnell advanced a few steps to meet her, and they stood facing one another. At the same moment I saw an odd, startled expression come into his face, and he put his hand quickly before his eyes, as if seized with giddiness; the little girl, too, seemed suddenly overtaken with fright, for, darting past us like a rabbit, she rushed up to Phelim Burne, and seizing him by the knees, pressed her little head tightly against his body as if for protection.

Sheelah barked with sudden excitement. Lord Kilconnell wheeled round like a hawk.

"Why the child knows you perfectly, Phelim! What the devil did you mean, you impudent rascal, by telling me you had never seen her before?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Well, indade, I humbly ask yer lardship's pardon — whist, darlin' child, don't cry. Sure, I didn't want to be bringin' them into trubble, an' that's just the gospel truth. Dacint people the Slatterlys is, an' allays was, ould tinents of your lardship's and your lardship's father before it, safe to the day with their rint, as your lardship knows."

"You mean that the child is a Slatterly, eh?"

"She is, yer lardship, that's what she is, Aleesha Mary Slatterly is her name. She'd tell ye so herself only she's dashed just now, not being used to the quality."

"Every Slatterly I've ever seen was dark," Lord Kilconnell said, looking at the child's hair with an expression of suspicion.

"And that's true, your lardship. This one now, she's got a little shister at home — born the same minute as herself — Rosabel Anna is her name — that's as black as the tail of an ould crow. One ov them has taken all the light color, an' t'other one the dark, I'm thinking," Phelim ended, with an inimitable air of mature reflection upon the subject.

In spite of this last piece of circumstantial evidence, Lord Kilconnell seemed unconvinced. His eyes rested with an

expression of trouble, of growing perplexity upon the child's fair head.

"Come here, little girl," he said at last gently. "Let her go, Phelim, damn you!" he added fiercely, seeing that the man and child were remarkably unwilling to part company.

"She's dashed, dashed, the cratur," the former said apologetically. "She's afraid of being skelped by her mother when she goes in for trubbling your lardship and the leddy," with a sudden piteous glance in my direction, one which seemed to intimate an extreme desire to establish some channel of communication with me.

"She's got a mother, has she?" Lord Kilconnell asked quickly.

"Is it a mither? Niver a mither in the wairld, bad cess to me tongue for lyin'. Sure her mither died the day she was born, an' that's why she has the black on her this minute, the cratur!"

This being scarcely a sufficient reason for a little girl of five or six years old wearing mourning, I here indulged in a slight laugh, on hearing which Phelim gazed at me with an expression of piteous resentment which ought to have melted a stone.

Lord Kilconnell was not apparently inclined to give up his point. "Come to me, my little girl," he said again. Then when the child had reluctantly approached with a few steps, "Tell me your name yourself, pretty one, and don't be afraid. Nobody is going to hurt you," he said, stooping down so as to bring his face more on a level with her tiny one.

The child looked up with eyes half full of frightened tears—beautiful eyes they were, blue as a blue nemophila. Then, when he had repeated his question, "Uncle Phelim 'thaid"—she whimpered piteously, stopping short and putting both hands to her eyes and screwing them vigorously into the corners.

Lord Kilconnell started upright, and looked at the man over the child's head; a look full of sorrow, of passionate resentment, of something too that was almost, I thought, like fear.

"Och 'tis a way they have, the childer, of callin' me uncle," that inveterate perverter of facts responded shamelessly. "'Tis because ov an ould song—'Teddy the tailor's uncle,'—I do be singin' them," he added calmly, though his lip trembled as he spoke, and his brown cheek, I saw, had visibly paled.

This was too much for Lord Kilconnell's patience. "How dare you stand there lying to me, you scoundrel?" he

thundered. "Tell me this very instant who the child is, or by God I'll—" His hands, which were clenched, suddenly opened, and he caught at the air as if trying to find something to support him.

Much alarmed, I seized hold of him, Phelim ran to the other side, and between us we kept him upon his feet. I was convinced that he was going to have another stroke, but by a great effort of will he recovered, and as he did so he looked round, first at the child who had shrunk away behind us, then at the man, who stood trembling and scarcely less frightened beside him.

"You needn't tell me any more lies," he then said feebly; "I know whose child she is, I know —"

He stood upright, shaking off our hold of him as he did so, and seizing the child's hand, he started off at a rapid walk.

I followed, perplexed and not a little alarmed, not knowing in the least what he proposed doing. We left the garden, Sheelah trotting after us, and turned away from the house in the direction of the sea. I heard other steps, not Sheelah's, following upon the gravel, and knew without turning round that Phelim had also followed, unable, doubtless, to endure the suspense of remaining behind. Luckily we had not far to go. Before long we came to a good-sized cabin standing in the middle of the wood, and almost hidden by a dense growth of overgrown laurels and tall, dilapidated elder-trees, whose blossom, I remember, was filling the air with their heavy narcotic scent. The door of the cabin was shut, and the whole house looked deserted; but Lord Kilconnell went straight up to it, and struck a single loud, resounding knock on the door with his walking-stick.

There was a minute's pause—a pause as of consternation—and then it was cautiously opened, and an old woman in a blue homespun dress and striped shawl peered cautiously out. At sight of the two who stood there she uttered a loud scream of terror, and ran hastily back, evidently with the intention of giving a signal to some one within. She had no time to do so, however. Quicker than thought Lord Kilconnell followed, I after him, Sheelah after me, and we all stood inside the cabin. There in the middle of the floor stood a young woman, dressed in black, who had evidently just sprung to her feet, for she still held a little stocking she was knitting in her hand, a handsome creature, with brown hair and grey eyes, like Phelim's.

There was a pause, weighted with I knew not what of ominous suggestions. Then the girl — she seemed little more — suddenly sank upon her knees, and began to sob. At first hardly audible, her sobs gradually rose in the silence, louder and louder until the whole cabin seemed to echo with them. The old woman, too, caught the infection, rocking herself to and fro, and wailing as if in the presence of a corpse. It gave me the strangest, most overwhelming sense of death, an uncanny, eerie sensation, such as I had never felt before. It seemed to affect Lord Kilconnell, too. The impulse, whatever it was, that had brought him to the cabin seemed all at once to desert him. His anger appeared suddenly to die away. He glanced vaguely at me as if to ask me what I counselled, what he was to do in this unforeseen dilemma. A fresh impulse, this time the determining one, came from the little girl, whose hand he still mechanically retained. Pulling it away she ran forward, and flung herself upon her mother, with a loud cry of distress, which added its innocent plaintiveness to the volume of sound, and from this refuge looked back pitifully at the old man, her blue eyes flooded with tears; those eyes which I now recognized instantly to be those of Dermot Murrough come to life again in the face of a little child.

It was the turning-point! His courage, his endurance, so long maintained, broke down. Covering his face with his hands, Lord Kilconnell too fell into helpless sobbing — the heavy, laboring, slow-coming tears of an old man, the first tears, I believe, he had shed since Dermot Murrough died.

My story is finished. Mrs. Dermot Murrough left her mother's cabin the next day, but she was *not* turned adrift. There happened to be a good-sized cottage vacant, formerly inhabited by a steward, with a garden, but no other land, attached, and into this she and her child were formally inducted. Lord and Lady Sagart were furious, I was told, and wanted, right or wrong, to have the "shameless creature" driven from the property. This, however, served her well rather than ill, there being few things Lord Kilconnell resented more than any hint of interference on the part of that little-loved eldest son of his. Two or three evenings later I happened to be returning alone to the Cove in the steam launch, the rest of the party having got out at another point to walk home. The boatman took me close

under the Castle Murrough woods, and I instinctively looked up at their tangled luxuriance, rising curve above curve — very brown and battered, by the way, those curves had grown to look during the last fortnight. The chimneys of the Great House were nestling against the sky, sending out columns of pale violet smoke; a squadron of rooks were swooping downwards with much croaking clamor to their roost in the big elms; the sunset light was palpitating in rapidly paling dots and streaks upon the leaves and trunks; upon the more or less dilapidated gazebos and aviaries; upon the little boats curtsying gaily at their anchorage in the clear brown water. And higher up, upon the broad gravel terrace which lay immediately in front of the house, I could see three figures — those of an old man, a dog, and a little girl — who were pacing leisurely to and fro in the gathering dusk.

EMILY LAWLESS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FISH AS FATHERS.

COMPARATIVELY little is known as yet, even in this age of publicity, about the domestic arrangements and private life of fishes. Not that the creatures themselves shun the wiles of the interviewer, or are at all shy and retiring, as a matter of delicacy, about their family affairs; on the contrary, they display a striking lack of reticence in their native element, and are so far from pushing parental affection to a quixotic extreme that many of them, like the common rabbit immortalized by Mr. Squeers, "frequently devour their own offspring." But nature herself opposes certain obvious obstacles to the pursuit of knowledge in the great deep, which render it difficult for the ardent naturalist, however much he may be so disposed, to carry on his observations with the same facility as in the case of birds and quadrupeds. You can't drop in upon most fish, casually, in their own homes; and when you confine them in aquariums, where your opportunities of watching them through a sheet of plate glass are considerably greater, most of the captives get huffy under the narrow restrictions of their prison life, and obstinately refuse to rear a brood of hereditary helots for the mere gratification of your scientific curiosity.

Still, by hook and by crook (especially the former), by observation here and ex-

periment there, naturalists in the end have managed to piece together a considerable mass of curious and interesting information of an out-of-the-way sort about the domestic habits and manners of sundry piscine races. And, indeed, the morals of fish are far more varied and divergent than the uniform nature of the world they inhabit might lead an *a priori* philosopher to imagine. To the eye of the mere casual observer every fish would seem at first sight to be a mere fish, and to differ but little in sentiments and ethical culture from all the rest of his remote cousins. But when one comes to look closer at their character and antecedents, it becomes evident at once that there is a deal of unsuspected originality and caprice about sharks and flat-fish. Instead of conforming throughout to a single plan, as the young, the gay, the giddy, and the thoughtless are too prone to conclude, fish are in reality as various and variable in their mode of life as any other great group in the animal kingdom. Monogamy and polygamy, socialism and individualism, the patriarchal and matriarchal types of government, the oviparous and viviparous methods of reproduction, perhaps even the dissidence of dissent and esoteric Buddhism, all alike are well represented in one family or another of this extremely eclectic and philosophically unprejudiced class of animals.

If you want a perfect model of domestic virtue, for example, where can you find it in higher perfection than in that exemplary and devoted father, the common great pipe-fish of the north Atlantic and the British seas? This high-principled lophobranch is so careful of his callow and helpless young that he carries about the unhatched eggs with him under his own tail, in what scientific ichthyologists pleasantly describe as a sub-caudal pouch or cutaneous receptacle. There they hatch out in perfect security, free from the dangers that beset the spawn and fry of so many other less tender-hearted kinds; and as soon as the little pipe-fish are big enough to look after themselves the sac divides spontaneously down the middle, and allows them to escape, to shift for themselves in the broad Atlantic. Even so, however, the juniors take care always to keep tolerably near that friendly shelter, and creep back into it again on any threat of danger, exactly as baby-kangaroos do into their mother's marsupium. The father-fish, in fact, has gone to the trouble and expense of developing out of his own tissues a membranous bag, on purpose to hold the

eggs and young during the first stages of their embryonic evolution. This bag is formed by two folds of the skin, one of which grows out from each side of the body, the free margins being firmly glued together in the middle by a natural exudation, while the eggs are undergoing incubation, but opening once more in the middle to let the little fish out as soon as the process of hatching is fairly finished.

So curious a provision for the safety of the young in the pipe-fish may be compared to some extent, as I hinted above, with the pouch in which kangaroos and other marsupial animals carry their cubs after birth, till they have attained an age of complete independence. But the strangest part of it all is the fact that while in the kangaroo it is the mother who owns the pouch and takes care of the young, in the pipe-fish it is the father, on the contrary, who thus specially provides for the safety of his defenceless offspring. And what is odder still, this topsy-turvy arrangement (as it seems to us) is the common rule throughout the class of fishes. For the most part, it must be candidly admitted by their warmest admirer, fish make very bad parents indeed. They lay their eggs anywhere on a suitable spot, and as soon as they have once deposited them, like the ostrich in Job, they go on their way rejoicing, and never bestow another passing thought upon their deserted progeny. But if ever a fish *does* take any pains in the education and social upbringing of its young, you're pretty sure to find on inquiry it's the father—not, as one would naturally expect, the mother—who devotes his time and attention to the congenial task of hatching or feeding them. It is he who builds the nest, and sits upon the eggs, and nurses the young, and imparts moral instruction (with a snap of his jaw or a swish of his tail) to the bold, the truant, the cheeky, or the imprudent; while his unnatural spouse, well satisfied with her own part in having merely brought the helpless eggs into this world of sorrow, goes off on her own account in the giddy whirl of society, forgetful of the sacred claims of her wriggling offspring upon a mother's heart.

In the pipe-fish family, too, the ardent evolutionist can trace a whole series of instructive and illustrative gradations in the development of this instinct and the corresponding pouch-like structure among the male fish. With the least highly evolved types, like the long-nosed pipe-fish of the English Channel, and many allied forms from European seas, there

is no pouch at all, but the father of the family carries the eggs about with him, glued firmly on to the surface of his abdomen by a natural mucus. In a somewhat more advanced tropical kind, the ridges of the abdomen are slightly dilated, so as to form an open groove, which loosely holds the eggs, though its edges do not meet in the middle as in the great pipe-fish. Then come yet other more progressive forms, like the great pipe-fish himself, where the folds meet so as to produce a complete sac, which opens at maturity to let out its little inmates. And finally, in the common Mediterranean sea-horses, which you can pick up by dozens on the Lido at Venice, and a specimen of which exists in the dried form in every domestic museum, the pouch is permanently closed by coalescence of the edges, leaving a narrow opening in front, through which the small hippocampi creep out one by one as soon as they consider themselves capable of buffeting the waves of the Adriatic.

Fish that take much care of their offspring naturally don't need to produce eggs in the same reckless abundance as those dissipated kinds that leave their spawn exposed on the bare, sandy bottom, at the mercy of every comer who chooses to take a bite at it. They can afford to lay a smaller number, and to make each individual egg much larger and richer in proportion than their rivals. This plan, of course, enables the young to begin life far better provided with muscles and fins than the tiny little fry which come out of the eggs of the improvident species. For example, the cod-fish lays nine million odd eggs; but anybody who has ever eaten fried cod's-roe must needs have noticed that each individual ovum was so very small as to be almost indistinguishable to the naked eye. Thousands of these infinitesimal specks are devoured before they hatch out by predaceous fish; thousands more of the young fry are swallowed alive during their helpless infancy by the enemies of their species. Imagine the very fractional amount of parental affection which each of the nine million must needs put up with! On the other hand, there is a paternally minded group of cat-fish known as the genus *Arius*, of Ceylon, Australia, and other tropical parts, the males of which carry about the ova loose in their mouths, or rather in an enlargement of the pharynx, somewhat resembling the pelican's pouch; and the spouses of these very devoted sires lay accordingly only very few ova, all told, but each al-

most as big as a hedge-sparrow's egg — a wonderful contrast to the tiny mites of the cod-fish. To put it briefly, the greater the amount of protection afforded the eggs, the smaller the number and the larger the size. And conversely the larger the size of the egg to start with, the better fitted to begin the battle of life is the young fish when first turned out on a cold world upon his own resources.

This is a general law, indeed, that runs through all nature, from London slums to the deep sea. Wasteful species produce many young, and take but little care of them when once produced. Economical species produce very few young, but start each individual well equipped for its place in life, and look after them closely till they can take care of themselves in the struggle for existence. And on the average, however many or however few the offspring to start with, just enough attain maturity in the long run to replace their parents in the next generation. Were it otherwise, the sea would soon become one solid mass of herring, cod, and mackerel.

These cat-fish, however, are not the only good fathers that carry their young (like woodcock) in their own mouths. A fresh-water species of the Sea of Galilee, *Chromis andreae* by name (dedicated by science to the memory of that fisherman apostle, St. Andrew, who must often have netted them), has the same habit of hatching out its young in its own gullet; and here again it is the male fish upon whom this apparently maternal duty devolves, just as it is the male cassowary that sits upon the eggs of his unnatural mate, and the male emu that tends the nest, while the hen bird looks on superciliously and contents herself with exercising a general friendly supervision of the nursery department. I may add parenthetically that in most fish families the eggs are fertilized after they have been laid, instead of before, which no doubt accounts for the seeming anomaly.

Still, good mothers too may be found among fish, though far from frequently. One of the Guiana cat-fishes, known as *Aspredo*, very much resembles her countrywoman the Surinam toad in her nursery arrangements. Of course you know the Surinam toad — whom not to know argues yourself unknown — that curious creature that carries her eggs in little pits on her back, where the young hatch out and pass through their tadpole stage in a slimy fluid, emerging at last from the cells of this living honeycomb only when they have attained the full amphibian honors of four-legged maturity. Well, *Aspredo* among

cat-fish manages her brood in much the same fashion ; only she carries her eggs beneath her body instead of on her back like her amphibious rival. When spawning time approaches, and Aspredo's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, the lower side of her trunk begins to assume, by anticipation, a soft and spongy texture, honeycombed with pits, between which are arranged little spiky protuberances. After laying her eggs, the mother lies flat upon them on the river bottom, and presses them into the spongy skin, where they remain safely attached until they hatch out and begin to manage for themselves in life. It is curious that the only two creatures on earth which have hit out independently this original mode of providing for their offspring should both be citizens of Guiana, where the rivers and marshes must probably harbor some special danger to be thus avoided, not found in equal intensity in other fresh waters.

A prettily marked fish of the Indian Ocean, allied, though not very closely, to the pipe-fishes, has also the distinction of handing over the young to the care of the mother instead of the father. Its name is *Solenostoma* (I regret that no more popular title exists), and it has a pouch, formed in this case by a pair of long, broad fins, within which the eggs are attached by interlacing threads that push out from the body. Probably in this instance nutriment is actually provided through these threads for the use of the embryo, in which case we must regard the mechanism as very closely analogous indeed to that which obtains among mammals.

Some few fish, indeed, are truly viviparous ; among them certain blennies and carps, in which the eggs hatch out entirely within the body of the mother. One of the most interesting of these divergent types is the common Californian and Mexican silver-fish, an inhabitant of the bays and inlets of sub-tropical America. Its chief peculiarity and title to fame lies in the extreme bigness of its young at birth. The full-grown fish runs to about ten inches in length, fisherman's scale, while the fry measure as much as three inches apiece ; so that they lie, as Professor Seeley somewhat forcibly expresses it, "packed in the body of the parent, as close as herrings in a barrel." This strange habit of retaining the eggs till after they have hatched out is not peculiar to fish among egg-laying animals, for the common little brown English lizard is similarly viviparous, though most of its

relatives elsewhere deposit their eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun in earth or sandbanks.

Mr. Hannibal Chollop, if I recollect aright, once shot an imprudent stranger for remarking in print that the ancient Athenians, that inferior race, had got ahead in their time of the modern Loco-foco ticket. But several kinds of fish have undoubtedly got ahead in this respect of the common reptilian ticket ; for instead of leaving about their eggs anywhere on the loose to take care of themselves, they build a regular nest, like birds, and sit upon their eggs till the fry emerge from them. All the sticklebacks, for instance, are confirmed nest-builders ; but here once more it is the male, not the female, who weaves the materials together and takes care of the eggs during their period of incubation. The receptacle itself is made of fibres of waterweeds or stalks of grass, and is open at both ends to let a current pass through. As soon as the lordly little polygamist has built it, he coaxes and allures his chosen mates into the entrance, one by one, to lay their eggs ; and then, when the nest is full, he mounts guard over them bravely, fanning them with his fins, and so keeping up a continual supply of oxygen, which is necessary for the proper development of the embryo within. It takes a month's sitting before the young hatch out, and even after they appear this excellent father (little Turk though he be, and savage warrior for the stocking of his harem) goes out attended by all his brood whenever he sallies forth for a morning constitutional in search of caddis-worms, which shows that there may be more good than we imagine, after all, in the domestic institutions even of people who don't agree with us.

The bullheads or miller's thumbs, those quaint, big-headed beasts which divide with the sticklebacks the polite attentions of ingenuous British youth, are also nest-builders, and the male fish are said to anxiously watch and protect their offspring during their undisciplined nonge. Equally domestic are the habits of those queer, shapeless creatures, the marine lump-suckers, which fasten themselves on to rocks, like limpets, by their strange sucking disks, and defy all the efforts of enemy or fisherman to dislodge them by main force from their well-chosen position. The pretty little tropical walking-fish of the filuroid tribe — those fish out of water about which I once discoursed in this magazine — carry the nest-making instinct a point further, for they go ashore boldly

at the beginning of the rainy season in their native woods, and scoop out a hole in the beach as a place of safety, in which they make regular nests of leaves and other terrestrial materials to hold their eggs. Then father and mother take turns-about at looking after the hatching, and defend the spawn with great zeal and courage against all intruders.

I regret to say, however, there are other unprincipled fish which display their affection and care for their young in far more questionable and unpleasant manners. For instance, there is that uncanny creature that inserts its parasitic fry as a tiny egg inside the unsuspecting shells of mussels and cockles. Our fishermen are only too well acquainted, again, with one unpleasant marine lamprey, the hag or borer, so called because it lives parasitically upon other fishes, whose bodies it enters, and then slowly eats them up from within outward, till nothing at all is left of them but skin, scales, and skeleton. They are repulsive, eel-shaped creatures, blind, soft, and slimy; their mouth consists of a hideous rasping sucker; and they pour out from the glands on their sides a copious mucus, which makes them as disagreeable to handle as they are unsightly to look at. Mackerel and cod are the hag's principal victims; but often the fisherman draws up a hag-eaten haddock on the end of his line, of which not a wrack remains but the hollow shell or bare outer simulacrum. As many as twenty of these disgusting parasites have sometimes been found within the body of a single cod-fish.

Yet see how carefully nature provides nevertheless for the due reproduction of even her most loathsome and revolting creations. The hag not only lays a small number of comparatively large and well-stored eggs, but also arranges for their success in life by supplying each with a bundle of threads at either end, every such thread terminating at last in a triple hook, like those with which we are so familiar in the case of adhesive fruits and seeds, like burrs or cleavers. By means of these barbed processes, the eggs attach themselves to living fishes; and the young borer, as soon as he emerges from his horny covering, makes his way at once into the body of his unconscious host, whom he proceeds by slow degrees to devour alive with relentless industry, from the intestines outward. This beautiful provision of nature enables the infant hag to start in life at once in very snug quarters upon a ready-made fish preserve. I understand, however, that cod-fish philos-

ophers, actuated by purely personal and selfish conceptions of utility, refuse to admit the beauty or beneficence of this most satisfactory arrangement for the borer species.

Probably the best known of all fishes' eggs, however (with the solitary exception of the sturgeon's, commonly observed between brown bread and butter, under the name of caviare), are the queer, leathery, purse-shaped ova of the sharks, rays, skates, and dog-fishes. Everybody has picked them up on the seashore, where children know them as devil's purses and devil's wheelbarrows. Most of these queer eggs are oblong and quadrangular, with the four corners produced into a sort of handles or streamers, often ending in long tendrils, and useful for attaching them to corallines or seaweeds on the bed of the ocean. But it is worth noticing that in color the egg-cases closely resemble the common wrack to which they are oftenest fastened; and as they wave up and down in the water with the dark mass around them, they must be almost indistinguishable from the wrack itself by the keenest-sighted of their enemies. This protective resemblance, coupled with the toughness and slipperiness of their leathery envelope or egg-shell, renders them almost perfectly secure from all evil-minded intruders. As a consequence, the dog-fish lay but very few eggs each season, and those few, large and well provided with nutriment for their spotted offspring. It is these purses, and those of the thornback and the edible skate, that we oftenest pick up on the English coast. The larger oceanic sharks are mostly viviparous.

In some few cases, indeed, among the shark and ray family, the mechanism for protection goes a step or two further than in these simple kinds. That well-known frequenter of Australian harbors, the Port Jackson shark, lays a pear-shaped egg, with a sort of spiral staircase of leathery ridges winding round it outside, Chinese pagoda wise, so that even if you bite it (I speak in the person of a predaceous fish) it eludes your teeth, and goes dodging off screw-fashion into the water beyond. There's no getting at this evasive body anywhere; when you think you have it, it wriggles away sideways, and refuses to give any hold for jaws or palate. In fact, a more slippery or guileful egg was never yet devised by nature's unconscious ingenuity. Then, again, the antarctic chimæra (so called from its very unprepossessing personal appearance) relies rather upon

pure deception than upon mechanical means for the security of its eggs. The shell or case in this instance is prolonged at the edge into a kind of broad wing on either side, so that it exactly resembles one of the large flat leaves of the antarctic fucus in whose midst it lurks. It forms the high-water mark, I fancy, of protective resemblance amongst eggs, for not only is the margin leaf-like in shape, but it is even gracefully waved and fringed with floating hairs, as is the fashion with the expanded fronds of so many among the gigantic southern seaweeds.

A most curious and interesting set of phenomena are those which often occur when a group of fishes, once marine, take by practice to inhabiting fresh-water rivers ; or, *vice versa*, when a fresh-water kind, moved by an aspiration for more expansive surroundings, takes up its residence in the sea as a naturalized marine. Whenever such a change of address happens, it usually follows that the young fry cannot stand the conditions of the new home to which their ancestors were unaccustomed — we all know the ingrained conservatism of children — and so the parents are obliged once a year to undertake a pilgrimage to their original dwelling-place for the breeding season.

Extreme cases of terrestrial animals, once aquatic in habits, throw a flood of lurid light (as the newspapers say) upon the reason why this should be so. For example, frogs and toads develop from tadpoles, which in all essentials are true gill-breathing fish. It is therefore obvious that they cannot lay their eggs on dry land, where the tadpoles would be unable to find anything to breathe ; so that even the driest and most tree-haunting toads must needs repair to the water once a year to deposit their spawn in its native surroundings. Once more, crabs pass their earlier larval stages as free-swimming crustaceans, somewhat shrimp-like in appearance, and as agile as fleas ; it is only by gradual metamorphosis that they acquire their legs and claws and heavy pedestrian habits. Now there are certain kinds of crab, like the West-Indian land-crabs (those dainty morsels whose image every epicure who has visited the Antilles still enshrines with regret in a warm corner of his heart), which have taken in adult life to walking bodily on shore, and visiting the summits of the highest mountains, like the fish of Deucalion's deluge in Horace. But once a year, as the land-crabs bask in the sun on St. Catherine's Peak or the Fern Walk, a strange, instinc-

tive longing comes over them automatically to return for a while to their native element ; and, obedient to that inner monitor of their race, down they march in thousands, *velut agmine facto*, to lay their eggs at their leisure in Port Royal harbor. On the way, the negroes catch them, all full of rich coral, waiting to be spawned ; and Chloe or Dinah serves them up hot, with bread-crumbs, in their own red shells, neatly nestling between the folds of a nice white napkin. The rest run away, and deposit their eggs in the sea, where the young hatch out, and pass their larval stage once more as free and active little swimming crustaceans.

Well, crabs, I need hardly explain in this age of enlightenment, are *not* fish ; but their actions help to throw a side-light on the migratory instinct in salmon, eels, and so many other true fish which have changed with time their aboriginal habits. The salmon himself, for instance, is by descent a trout, and in the parr stage he is even now almost indistinguishable from many kinds of river-trout that never migrate seaward at all. But at some remote period, the ancestors of the true salmon took to going down to the great deep in search of food, and being large and active fish, found much more to eat in the salt water than ever they had discovered in their native streams. So they settled permanently in their new home, as far as their own lives went at least ; though they found the tender young could not stand the brine that did no harm to the tougher constitutions of the elders. No doubt the change was made gradually, a bit at a time, through brackish water, the species getting further and further seaward down bays and estuaries with successive generations, but always returning to spawn in its native river, as all well-behaved salmon do to the present moment. At last, the habit hardened into an organic instinct, and nowadays the young salmon hatch out like their fathers as parr in fresh water, then go to the sea in the grilse stage and grow enormously, and finally return as full-grown salmon to spawn and breed in their particular birthplace.

Exactly the opposite fate has happened to the eels. The salmonoids as a family are fresh-water fish, and by far the greater number of kinds — trout, charr, white-fish, grayling, pollan, vendace, gwyniad, and so forth — are inhabitants of lakes, streams, ponds, and rivers, only a very small number having taken permanently or temporarily to a marine residence. But the eels, as a family, are a salt-water group,

most of their allies, like the congers and murænas, being exclusively confined to the sea, and only a very small number of aberrant types having ever taken to invading inland waters. If the life-history of the salmon, however, has given rise to as much controversy as the Mar peerage, the life-history of the eel is a complete mystery. To begin with, nobody has ever so much as distinguished between male and female eels; except microscopically, eels have never been seen in the act of spawning, nor observed anywhere with mature eggs. The ova themselves are wholly unknown; the mode of their production is a dead secret. All we know is this: that eels never reproduce in fresh water; that a certain number of adults descend the rivers to the sea, irregularly, during the winter months; and that some of these must presumably spawn with the utmost circumspection in brackish water or in the deep sea, for in the course of the summer myriads of young eels, commonly called grigs, and proverbial for their merriment, ascend the rivers in enormous bodies, and enter every smaller or larger tributary.

If we know little about the paternity and maternity of eels, we know a great deal about their childhood and youth, or, to speak more elishly, their grigginess and elverhood. The young grigs, when they do make their appearance, leave us in no doubt at all about their presence or their reality. They wriggle up weirs, walls, and floodgates; they force their way bodily through chinks and apertures; they find out every drain, pipe, or conduit in a given plane rectilinear figure; and when all other spots have been fully occupied, they take to dry land, like veritable snakes, and cut straight across country for the nearest lake, pond, or ornamental waters. These swarms or migrations are known to farmers as eel-fairs; but the word ought more properly to be written eelfares, as the eels then fare or travel up the streams to their permanent quarters. A great many eels, however, never migrate seaward at all, and never seem to attain to years of sexual maturity. They merely bury themselves under stones in winter, and live and die as celibates in their inland retreats. So very terrestrial do they become, indeed, that eels have been taken with rats or field-mice undigested in their stomachs.

The sturgeon is another more or less migratory fish, originally (like the salmon) of fresh-water habits, but now partially marine, which ascends its parent stream for spawning during the summer season. In-

credible quantities are caught for caviare in the great Russian rivers. At one point on the Volga, a hundred thousand people collect in spring for the fishery, and work by relays, day and night continuously, as long as the sturgeon are going up stream. On some of the tributaries, when fishing is intermittent for a single day, the sturgeons have been known to completely fill a river three hundred and sixty feet wide, so that the backs of the uppermost fish were pushed out of the water. (I take this statement, not from the "Arabian Nights," as the scoffer might imagine, but from that most respectable authority, Professor Seeley.) Still, in spite of the enormous quantity killed, there is no danger of any falling off in the supply for the future, for every fish lays from two to three million eggs, each of which, as caviare eaters well know, is quite big enough to be distinctly seen with the naked eye in the finished product. The best caviare is simply bottled exactly as found, with the addition merely of a little salt. No man of taste can pretend to like the nasty, sun-dried sort, in which the individual eggs are reduced to a kind of black pulp, and pressed hard with the feet into doubtful barrels.

In conclusion, let me add one word of warning as to certain popular errors about the young fry of sundry well-known species. Nothing is more common than to hear it asserted that sprats are only immature herring. This is a complete mistake. Believe it not. Sprats are a very distinct species of the herring genus, and they never grow much bigger than when they appear, *brochés*, at table. The largest adult sprat measures only six inches, while full-grown herring may attain as much as fifteen. Moreover, herring have teeth on the palate, always wanting in sprats, by which means the species may be readily distinguished at all ages. When in doubt, therefore, do not play trumps, but examine the palate. On the other hand, whitebait, long supposed to be a distinct species, has now been proved by Dr. Günther, the greatest of ichthyologists, to consist chiefly of the fry or young of herring. To complete our discomfiture, the same eminent authority has also shown that the pilchard and the sardine, which we thought so unlike, are one and the same fish, called by different names according as he is caught off the Cornish coast or in Breton, Portuguese, or Mediterranean waters. Such aliases are by no means uncommon among his class. To say the plain truth, fish are the most vari-

able and ill-defined of animals; they differ so much in different habitats, so many hybrids occur between them, and varieties merge so readily by imperceptible stages into one another, that only an expert can decide in doubtful cases—and every expert carefully reverses the last man's opinion. Let us at least be thankful that whitebait by any other name would eat as nice; that science has not a single whisper to breathe against their connection with lemon; and that whether they are really the young of *Clupea harengus* or not, the supply at Billingsgate shows no symptom of falling short of the demand.

From The Fortnightly Review.
HOGARTH'S TOUR.

MORALIZING, in his masterpiece, over that "square old yellow book" he bought on the palace steps at Florence, a distinguished poet lately gone from us touches something of the ineffable delight of the true student in presence of a genuine "document"—an authentic and unimpeachable record:—

pure crude fact
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat
hard,
And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries
since.

Yet there are things more close to truth than even the sworn testimony in Browning's "Roman murder-case," which, after all, was mainly a matter of print. An actual manuscript from the pen of a person of the drama—still more a manuscript pictorially interpreted by others of the company—this, one might think, should bring us into a communion far more intimate than any arrangement, however artful, of "caps" and "lower case." Such a relic exists to-day in the Print Room of the British Museum. It is an oblong book in faded ink, of which the title, *verbatim, literatim, et punctatim*, runs as follows: "An Account of what seem'd most Remarkable in the Five Days Peregrination of the Five Following Persons Vizt. Messieurs Tothall, Scott, Hogarth, Thornhill, and Forrest. Begun on Saturday May 27th 1732 and Finish'd On the 31st of the Same Month. *Abi tu et fac similiter.* Inscription on Dulwich Colledge Porch." The "peregrination" was from London to the island of Sheppey; and the pilgrims were Hogarth, the painter; John Thornhill, his brother-in-law; the "English Canaletto," Samuel Scott; a much experienced

draper of Tavistock Street, named William Tothall, and an attorney named Ebenezer Forrest. It was a hastily improvised expedition, concerning which Forrest afterwards drew up the circumstantial chronicle described above. Its spirit is a little that of Goldsmith's journey to Kentish Town in the "Citizen of the World;" it is, indeed, professedly "a burlesque upon historical writers recording a series of insignificant events," but, at the same time, it gives so frank and simple an idea of old-world merriment that it is worth while for a moment to linger over its pages. If, like most records of its time, it has its coarse passages, they need not concern us here.

It was midnight when, to the favorite tune of "Why should we quarrel for riches" (for which one must overhaul contemporary "Little Warblers"), the party set out from the Bedford Arms Tavern in Covent Garden. The modest equipment of each traveller consisted of a spare shirt, carried commodiously in the deep-flapped pocket of the period. They probably took a wherry from Somerset Stairs, "the first land they made" being the notorious night-cellars in Thames Street, by Billingsgate, known as the Dark House. Here (says the chronicle) "Hogarth made a Caricature of a Porter, who called himself 'the Duke of Puddledock'."* The drawing was (by his Grace) pasted on the cellar-door." As the clock struck one, having hired a waterman with a canvas-covered and straw-strewn tilt-boat, for Charles Lamb's "hoy" had not yet attained its full popularity, they hoisted sail for Gravesend, having (according to the record) "much rain, and no sleep, for about three hours. At Cuckold's Point (it goes on) we sung 'St. John,' at Deptford, 'Pishoken,' and in Blackwall Reach eat hung beef and biscuit, and drank right *Hollands*. At Purfleet we had a view of the 'Gibraltar,' the 'Dursley Galley,' and 'Tartar Pink,' men of war, from the last of which we took on board the pilot who brought her up the Channel. He entertained us with a Lieutenant's account of an insult offered him by the Spaniards and other affairs of consequence, which naturally made us drowsy; and then Hogarth fell asleep; but soon awaking, was going to relate a dream he had; but falling asleep again, when he awoke forgot he had dreamt at all."

* Puddledock was in Blackfriars, close by Shakespeare's house. "I had rather be Countess of Puddledock than Queen of Sussex," says a lady in Shadwell's "Epsom Wells."

About six they arrived at Gravesend, and having had their wigs powdered at Mrs. Bramble's hostelry, set out after tea (or rather coffee) for Rochester. They must have passed over Gadshill, where the "Wild Prince" robbed "fat Jack," and where later lived the author of "Edwin Drood." At Rochester, which they reached at ten, they inspected the cathedral and the castle. In the latter they saw a little boy go down a curious well in the middle wall, "by small holes cut in the sides, wherein he placed his hands and feet, and soon returned, bringing up with him a young daw he had taken out of a nest there." In traversing the city they came upon Richard Watt's Hospital "for the relief of six travelling persons, by entertaining them with one night's lodging, and giving to each fourpence in the morning, provided they are not persons contagiously diseased, rogues, or proctors." This, it will be remembered, is the quaint old charity which Dickens has made the scene of one of his Christmas stories — "The Seven Poor Travellers."

At one they dined at the Crown Inn. Here is the bill of fare: Soles and flounders, with crab sauce; calf's head stuffed and roasted, with the liver fried and the appurtenance minced; roast leg of mutton and green peas; beverages, small beer and port. It says much for their admirable digestions that Hogarth and Scott subsequently played hop-scotch in the colonnade under the Town Hall; and that they were shortly afterwards ready for shrimps at Chatham, to which place they next adjourned. At Chatham, among other men-of-war, they saw the Royal George, a predecessor of that ill-fated vessel of which Cowper sang the elegy. "At six we returned to our quarters at Rochester, and passed the time agreeably till nine, and then quite fatigued with pleasure, we went to bed."

On the following day they crossed by Strood through the fields of Frindsbury, where a list of benefactions in the church which, despite the usual "Witness our hands," was subscribed by the vicar alone, appears, in the absence of other objects of interest, to have greatly exercised them. From Frindsbury they went on to Upnor, where Hogarth drew the castle and Scott the shipping. The whole party, with the diminutive figure of the painter conspicuous among them, appear in the foreground of the joint picture. They dined hurriedly at the Smack, in the ten-gun battery, after which their exuberant animal spirits found vent in a battle royal, and a good deal of

horse-play. Their next halting-place was Hoo. Here their admiration was divided between a grateful servant maid's epitaph on her master in Hoo churchyard, and an agreeable landlady who had buried four husbands. Scott, who was evidently the butt of the party, then enlivened them "by attempting to prove a man might go over but not through the world; and, for example, pointed to the earth and asked them to go through that element."

In revenge for this outrageous pleasure they thenceforth devoted themselves to the pastime of secretly filling his pockets with stones, a course which in the issue proved unwise, as it simply supplied him with ammunition for the combats for which, at this stage, their souls seem to have thirsted. North Street, where they found a well-afforded opportunity for cooling their courage by a water engagement, and Stoke, which rejoiced in a remarkable combination of weather-cocks, were next traversed, and they finally put up in the latter place at the Nag's Head, where there were "but three beds and no night-caps." Upon the embarrassments thus created followed a good deal of further fun, such as bolstering, "fighting perukes," (?) and so forth. At six next morning arrived a fisherman in boots and shock hair, who shaved them and "flowered" their wigs, which, after the "high jinks" of the night before, must have urgently needed renovation. Hogarth made a rapid sketch of this scene; and the old, rudely washed drawing still shows us what he saw in the low-ceiled, lattice-windowed, brick-floored room — the fisherman in his shirt sleeves taking Thornhill tenderly by the nose; Forrest at breakfast in a red coat, with a handkerchief bound about his bare poll; while Tothall, a portly personage, is scraping his chin at a mirror; Scott drawing at a table; and the artist himself busily engaged in the corner. Milk and toast were then the order of the day, and they started for Sheerness.

After nearly losing their way in Stoke Marshes, they entered the Isle of Grain, making instinctively for the Chequers ale-house. No ferryman could be found to carry them across the Medway to Sheerness; but at last they chartered a ship's yawl, embarking with some difficulty. (From Hogarth's picture they had to crawl on their hands and knees along two oars laid between the shore and the boat.) At twelve they landed at Sheerness, visited the fort, where Scott created some amusement by smelling the touch-holes of the recently discharged ord-

nance, and then walked along the beach to Queenborough. Here the traditional smallness of the little town, with its one street, its miniature clock-house, and its plentiful lack of provisions, impressed them almost as much as the fact that the principal inn, which had for its sign a red lion, was called the "Swans." In the church they found an epitaph on an old whaling captain : —

In Greenland I Whales Seahorses Bears did
slay
Though Now my Body is Intombe in Clay;

and in the churchyard the grave-digger, who, under the influence of two pots of ale, informed them, among other things, that the mayor was "a Custom-House officer," and the parson "a sad dog"—phrases which the speaker probably regarded as synonymous. On the hill behind the town they foregathered with a boat's crew from the Rose man-of-war, who, having been told off to carry one of the midshipmen on shore, had been left by their commanding officer without money or food—a moving and Smollett-like incident which immediately excited the charity of the pilgrims. "We gave the fellows sixpence, who were very thankful, and ran towards the town to buy victuals for themselves and their companions, who lay asleep at some distance. We, going to view their boat that stuck fast in the mud, one of the sailors returned hastily, and kindly offered us some cockles: this seemed an act of so much gratitude, that we followed the fellows into the town, and gave them another sixpence, and they fetched their companions, and all refreshed themselves, and were very thankful and merry." At Queenborough a chair was brought into the street for Hogarth to sketch the Town House, an operation which soon had the effect of attracting as spectators a larger population than had been suspected, including "several pretty women." Nothing else of much note occurred here. The missing midshipman of the Rose having returned, fresh difficulties arose owing to his cavalier behavior to a lady of the neighborhood; the friends were out-chirruped at the inn by some Harwich lobster-men, whose admirable sea-songs threw their own humbler efforts of "St John" and "Pishoken" entirely into the background; and the usual complications arose with the butt of the party, Scott, respecting his bed.

Scott, respecting his bed.

Quitting Queenborough at ten, they mounted to the little village of Minster, the highest part of the island of Sheppey.

Here, in the old church, Scott made a sketch of the tomb of a Spanish ambassador, and Hogarth drew that of the Lord of Shurland, whose tragic story Ingoldsby has embellished and embroidered in his prose legend of "Grey Dolphin." Forrest's version, as collected from local tradition, may be quoted as a favorable specimen of his talents as historiographer:—

The legend of the last [Lord Shorland] being remarkable, I shall relate it with all its circumstances.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this lord, having been to visit a friend on this island [Sheppey] and passing by this church in his way home to Shorland, about two miles off, he saw a concourse of people gathered together in the churchyard; and, inquiring the reason, was informed that the parson who stood by there refused to bury the corpse brought for that purpose because there was no money to pay the burial fees. His lordship, being extremely moved at the parson, ordered the people to throw him into the grave and bury him quick, which they accordingly did and he died. My lord went home and there, reflecting on what he had done and fearing to forfeit his life for the offence, he wrote a petition, setting forth the nature of his offence; and hearing the Queen was on board one of the ships at the Nore (to which place she came to take a view of her fleet designed to oppose the Spanish Armada), he took a horse and rode directly into the sea, and swam to the Nore, about three miles off; and, coming to the ship's side, begged to see her Majesty, who came immediately, and he presented his petition. The queen received, read, and granted it; and he, without quitting his horse, swam back again to the island, and coming on the shore, met an old woman, who told him that though the horse had then saved his life, he would be the cause of his death. His lordship fearing (and in order to prevent) the accomplishment of the old woman's prophecy, alighted from his horse, drew his sword, and killed and left him there; and his carcase was by the force of the sea, thrown some little way on the land. Some years after this, my lord, walking with some of his friends near the seaside, espied the skull and some other bones of the horse lying there; and, relating the foregoing account, happened to kick the skull, and hurt one of his toes, which mortified and killed him.

The tale as told in Grose's "Antiquities" is less romantic and more probable. But it is not unlikely that the whole derives its origin from the simpler fact that the Lord of Shurland was upon some occasion saved by the swimming of his horse. At all events, there he lies at Minister, as Hogarth drew him, with his shield and dagger at his side. And sure enough,

at his feet, is a rude effigy of a horse's head rising above waves.

Little more remains to be told of our tourists. Hiring a bumboat at four on Thursday, the thirtieth, they embarked for Gravesend. They had a bad passage, were sick, and struck on the Blythe Sands, but got to their destination at ten. At eight next day they hired a boat with clean straw, provided themselves with a bottle of wine, pipes, tobacco, and light, and came merrily up the river to Billingsgate before a mackerel gale, though not without the regulation burlesque misadventures on the part of Scott. About two they reached their starting place, the Bedford Arms. "I think I cannot better conclude [says Forrest] than with taking Notice that not one of the Company was unemploy'd. For Mr. Thornhill made the Map, Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Scott all the other Drawings, Mr. Tothall was our Treasurer, which (tho' a place of the Greatest Trust), he faithfully Discharg'd, and the foregoing Memoirs was the work of E. fforrest." "The Veracity of this Manuscript is attested by us. Wm. Hogarth Samuel Scott Wm. Tothall John Thornhill." It was forthwith bound, gilt, lettered, and read out to the delighted club. Some time afterwards it was lent to the Reverend William Gostling, a minor canon of Canterbury, who turned it into Hudibrastic verse, in which form one of Hogarth's biographers, oddly enough, but misled, no doubt, by the line: "And Forrest who this journal wrote," seems to have supposed it to have been at first composed. The title-page says that it is "imitated . . . with Liberty of some Additions," and it is possible that a few minor details may have been inserted from particulars supplied by one or other of the travellers; but although the couplets are respectable, the Canterbury canon's rhymed paraphrase cannot compete with Forrest's original prose. Here, however, is his "transversing" of the above: —

With pleasure I observe, none idle
Were in our travels, or employ'd ill.
Tothall, our treasurer, was just,
And worthily discharg'd his trust;
(We all sign'd his accounts as fair):
Sam Scott and *Hogarth*, for their share,
The prospects of the sea and land did;
As *Thornhill* of the tour the plan did;
And *Forrest* wrote his true relation
Of our five days' peregrination.

This to attest, our names we've wrote all,
Viz.: *Thornhill*, *Hogarth*, *Scott*, and *Tothall*.

Until 1781 both versions remained in

manuscript. Then John Nichols struck off a few copies of Mr. Gostling's Hudibrastics "as a literary curiosity;" and in the year following, Richard Livesay, the engraver, who lodged in Mrs. Hogarth's house at Leicester Fields, made aquatint fac-similes of the drawings, including a grotesque headpiece and tailpiece which Hogarth had added to the other sketches. These copies he issued with a reprint of Forrest's text. From the foregoing description of this latter performance it will be gathered that it can scarcely be regarded as a contribution to literature; and it is not difficult to understand that its fun was somewhat too highly flavored for the fastidious palate of critics like Horace Walpole. But it is not without interest as an unvarnished record of the frank and hearty, albeit not over-refined, way in which our middle-class ancestors took their pleasure in the cock-fighting, bull-baiting, cudgel-playing England of the second George. It helps one, besides, to understand those liberal "flicks" and "dowses," assaults and batteries, which play so prominent a part in the novels of Fielding and Smollett.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From Temple Bar.

THE NOVELS OF WILKIE COLLINS.

With the death of Wilkie Collins we have lost almost the last of the great English novelists who made the middle of the nineteenth century memorable in the history of fiction. Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Reade, Trollope, Kingsley, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot; only one of them reached the allotted threescore years and ten. Collins, by a few years the younger of the coterie, has joined them; and the world is the poorer for want of one of the most fearless and honest fictionists who ever fed the public's sensation hunger while seeking to influence the public's serious sentiments. His time, the time not of to-day but of twenty or thirty years ago, was one of straight speaking, when men wrote from their hearts in a way that would be scorned in these days of subtle intellectualism, told their tale, set forth their moral, if there was one, and were content. The complications in which Collins revels are never of the subjective or metaphysical kind. The field of his narratives bristles with ingenious obstacles, but he goes at them like a steeplechaser at a hurdle, and

the emotions of his men and women are as simple as those of the *dramatis personae* of an Adelphi drama.

This was not perhaps what Collins himself wished—probably not what he believed to be the case. Judging from his own prefaces, and other expressions of feeling in his novels, he laid great stress upon his character-drawing; it is intimated that "The Moonstone" is built upon "the conduct pursued under a sudden emergency by a young girl." But who stops to consider the psychological problem presented by Rachel Verinder? What we want to find out is, what has become of the diamond? In "No Name" there is a similar reference to the setting forth of a woman's character as a main object of the book; but who spends thought on the complexities of Magdalen Vanstone's nature until, at least, he has got to the end of her escapades? In other tales there is the same thing; the author is engaged, he believes, in tracing the influence of circumstance on character or character on circumstance; and yet the individuals that fix themselves in a reader's memory are not those around whom the labyrinth of plot is constructed; nor would any one think of calling Wilkie Collins a novelist notable for character-drawing. It is the semi-burlesque sketches, which he probably learnt to make from Dickens, that come to mind when we recall the novels: Count Fosco and Miss Clack, Uncle Joseph and the inimitable Captain and Mrs. Wragge, who are among the immortals. There is nothing like analyses of emotions or motives such as those upon which later writers delight to turn a microscopic lens. Even his Wragges and Foscos are not in the same familiar circle of our acquaintance with Mrs. Gamp and Mr. Pecksniff. And it is a little curious that Dickens, who has added more friends to all the world's portrait-gallery than any other writer has done, longed to shine as an elaborator of plots, inspired no doubt by admiration for his friend's genius; while Collins, the past master of the plot, aspired to be a delineator of character. Next to this, Collins had a firm belief in the purpose of his stories; it was characteristic of his frank and earnest nature; but so far as his readers were concerned, it was a mistake. Motives indeed are obvious in not a few—the marriage laws are aimed at in "Man and Wife," the position of illegitimate children in "No Name," society's treatment of "penitents" in "The New Magdalen," vivisection in "Heart and Science;" and there is a declared intention or object woven in

with many others, though it may never be suspected by the reader. Where the moral is evident it is freely forgiven for the sake of the plot which involves it, and that in itself is a tribute to his genius. With Dickens and Reade the same thing may be said, but it takes a master hand to make the public enjoy that powdered jam, fiction with a purpose.

To his position of supremacy as a manufacturer of plots no one denies Wilkie Collins's right, though critics may scorn or sneer at both the art and its master. It is a manufacture; there is no doubt about that. Nobody imagines the misfortunes of "Poor Miss Finch," and her blue-complexioned lover, the masquerades of Magdalen Vanstone, the machinations of the Romish Church in "The Black Robe," the remarkable coincidences of "Hide and Seek," or the melodramatic farrago of "The Frozen Deep," to be precisely scenes from real life. But, truth being stranger than fiction, possibly they might be; and if a man writes fiction as if it was truth, and it is good fiction into the bargain, there is no reason why the public should not like it as well as the washiest or wickedest realism.

Collins's style is not a thing of literary beauty like Mr. Stevenson's, or a marvel of finish like Mr. Henry James's. It is jerky and absolutely unornamented. There are no elegant extracts to be got out of his stories; it would be no easy matter to compile beauties of Collins, and even birthday-book framers might be in difficulties. The incidents are of the stage stagey, and as for scenic art there is probably never a word given to the description of natural surroundings unless it has a direct bearing on the development of the plot. But he had a story to tell, and he knew how to tell it. He had a strong grip of his story, too; a singularly forcible and vigorous method of unfolding it, and a talent for dramatic situations. Few readers, however much their intelligence may revolt from the strains on probabilities, or however near their heads may be to splitting in the effort to follow the endless complications and mystifications which confront them, lay aside the novel until they have read to the end. In their own peculiar way, "The Woman in White," and "The Moonstone," it may be safely said, have never been surpassed.

Like the majority of writers, Wilkie Collins wrote his most popular books when in the prime of life. Thackeray was forty-one when he gave "Esmond" to the world; Dickens two or three years younger when "David Copperfield" was written;

George Eliot was thirty-nine when "Adam Bede" placed her name among the immortals; and Trollope was forty-two when, with "Barchester Towers," he made his first success. Collins wrote "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," and "The Moonstone," in succession, between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five; and none of his many earlier or later fictions have achieved the same fame as those four brilliant novels. "Antonina," a story of ancient Rome, was his first, then came "Basil," a remarkably unpleasant story, which yet showed ample evidence of inherent power and dramatic ability. In its feverish autobiographical mode of telling, and obvious indications of youth in the manner of it, "Basil," may be said to have literary kinship with Mr. William Black's "Kilmenny," and Mr. Justin McCarthy's "My Enemy's Daughter." Ingenuity of plot, helped out by useful coincidences, is the feature of the third effort, "Hide and Seek," with its gentle deaf and dumb heroine; but "The Dead Secret," was really the earliest example of the distinctly Collins method of narration, which has had a world of imitators, and, like most distinct methods, is a dangerous model. A little cheap satire and a great deal of egotism persuade the young writer who cultivates them that he is a second Thackeray; a free use of caricature, especially in proper names, and of capital letters, are expected to convince the world that a second Dickens has arisen. Similarly it is required only to have recourse to a bewildering sequence of events, place the telling of them in the mouths of half-a-dozen narrators, and let the narration be as bald and colloquial as possible, in order that a man may avow himself a disciple of Wilkie Collins. The difficulty lies in the acquirement of Wilkie Collins's talent. Improbabilities, absurdities, long-drawn-out complications of plot, and an almost brutal bluntness of style are, no doubt, among his characteristics; but, on the other hand, there is the singular realistic power which vitalizes even the most tiresome of his stories. "The Dead Secret" is melodramatic, and the secret is soon guessed by the reader; a change of children cannot be regarded as an original notion, and the hiding of the confession in the deserted portion of a house whose owner is most concerned in the matter is possibly not an expedient of great literary value; but the schemes of Sarah Leesoon to get into the house and abstract the document, the strength with which this part of the book is written, and the humorous atmosphere surrounding Uncle Joseph and

his musical box, are almost on a level with Collins's best work. After this came the four already named: "The Woman in White," with the memorable figure of Count Fosco, best known of all his characters, because no one had before conceived the possibility of a villain who should be fat and comic, and possess pet animals; "No Name," the history of Magdalen Vanstone's plots to recover her lost home, and entrap her odious Cousin Noel — odious, also, after an original type — and of the counterplots of Mrs. Lecourt, whose cold and slimy reptile pets are a pair to Fosco's white mice; "Armadale," wherein occurs the curious figure of Miss Gwilt, which took a firm hold of public fancy. For this novel it is said that Wilkie Collins reached his top price; but it may be taken for granted that its predecessors had a considerable effect upon this point; for in plot it is scarcely equal to them or to its successor, though there are other admirable features which lend probability to the statement that it was the author's own favorite work. In skill of plot, conception, and development, without considering other details, "The Moonstone" stands pre-eminent.

Of the dozen or so other novels which the same pen has since given us, "Man and Wife" and "The New Magdalen" made the most sensation. They dealt with delicate questions, and they took a new view of them. "Man and Wife," indeed, dealt with at least two questions; not only is the injustice of the marriage laws keenly and forcibly insisted on — in itself a sufficiently startling onslaught upon popular conservatism — but a vehement attack is also made upon the excessive value set on athletic sports. In this matter Wilkie Collins ran as directly contrary to public feeling as in the obesity of Fosco, and the devotion to Beethoven of Lydia Gwilt; and he hit it more closely. Various ameliorations have been made in the legal relationship of man and wife; but as to the sports and exercise craze, the current appears to be all the other way, and until people can appreciate the difference between the rational and healthy development of every boy's and every girl's limbs and muscles, and the forcing and straining of one man's physical powers in order that the rest may look on and bet, so long it will be well that such an illustration of the triumph of brute over angel as Geoffry Delamain should be held up to them. Still more risky is the main idea of "The New Magdalen," which narrowly misses being a fine story; strong and clever it is, but it misses the higher rank by that want

of spirituality which is discernible throughout Collins; we feel that it is Mercy Merrick's beautiful figure and "grand head" which constitute her saving grace, and influence Julian Gray, and this conviction kills the moral of the story at once. The author's pen was too human for his theme.

One conspicuous trait of Wilkie Collins can scarcely be overlooked — thorough-going manliness; not by any means the manliness which is based on a swaggering assertion of strength, or that which exults especially in man's prowess and pluck. Geoffrey Delamain shows what he thought would be the result of training the physical powers at the expense of the mental and moral capabilities. "Armadale" sets forth his views (we may fairly assume) as to the hunting-field, when Allan horrifies "the county" by making known his ability "to enjoy a ride on horseback without galloping after a wretched stinking fox or a poor distracted little hare." His literary style is indeed distinctively masculine; but the manliness of his nature was revealed by the use he made of his strength for the defence of weakness. It is always on the side of the weak that his voice is raised — the women, the children, the fallen, the desolate, and the oppressed. And it is because of this fearlessness and this nobility of purpose that, however inartistic and inexpedient we may declare purpose of a serious kind to be in fiction, he touches a deeper note in our sympathy than could be reached by the writer whose aim it is to concoct sensational stories only, whether that writer's gifts be greater or less than the high talent which the world has recognized in Wilkie Collins.

From The Sunday Magazine.
AMELIA OPIE.

PART I.
EARLY LIFE.

IT is not often that husband and wife enjoy an equal reputation, or that both fill conspicuous niches in the temple of fame. In most cases the lustre of one party to the union is but a reflection from the other, and the succeeding fame only a borrowed one. The present century, however, has offered exceptions to this rule. To take only examples which have of late been much in the public mind, it would be difficult to say which was the greater, Robert Browning, whose departure we have had so recently to deplore; or his wife, Elizabeth Barrett, who is admitted to have been

the greatest poetess of modern times. It would be equally difficult to say whether the name of Howitt owes more to its original holder or to the lady who consented to make it her own. Whilst, to go a little farther back in the century's years, it would be a point not easily resolved whether the painter Opie's reputation owes more to the talents of his gifted wife or hers to the pictured forms he has left behind; in this case, whilst the memory of Amelia Opie has been kept alive by that of her husband, it has yet been at the same time a little overshadowed thereby. At the mention of the name, most hearers would think of the painter rather than the poetess, whose tales and poems, though widely read and admired at the time, by a strange freak of fashion have passed out of sight of all save a few students of the early literature of the nineteenth century.

We have seen of late a revival of interest in the writers of fiction, however, of this period: Miss Ferrier, Miss Edgeworth, Charlotte Brontë, and Miss Austen. Perhaps, before long, Amelia Opie may be included in such revival, which her tales, if not her poetry, certainly warrant. There is only one thing which may prevent this — her novels had a purpose, which, in the eyes of some great critics, is the unpardonable sin. With all due deference to such authorities, the absence of a purpose, at all events in the author's mind, prevents fiction from reaching the highest perfection. Unfortunately, in many of Mrs. Opie's stories, the purpose was not only in her mind, but expressed in the title. This may prevent their revival, since novel readers do not like to sit down to a story as to a preacher's discourse. This, however, was the manner of that age. But writings which could draw praise from Southey, and *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* reviewers, who did not usually err on the side of leniency, if they were put within easy reach, would probably please the more thoughtful novel readers of our own age.

Amelia Opie entered on this mortal scene the 12th of November, 1769. She was the only daughter of Dr. Alderson, a physician of some eminence, and even more charity, connected with Baron Alderson and other men of repute. In the social world of Norwich and its neighborhood he filled a considerable place, and was highly esteemed, not only among the wealthy, but the poor. Every day his spacious rooms were crowded with applicants for free advice. It is said that often they numbered four or five hundred. For years after his death he used to be spoken of familiarly by the poor of the city as

"The Doctor." He was a man of handsome appearance ; and probably from him Amelia got much of the beauty and charm of manner which rendered her so great a favorite in society. Her mother died young, when her daughter was only fifteen years of age, so that before she was out of her teens she had to manage her father's household and take her place at the head of his table. These early responsibilities probably had much to do with the formation of that vigorous and self-reliant character which she afterwards displayed. But before this a good deal of wise culture of character had gone on under her mother, of whom, in an autobiographical sketch of her own early days, Amelia says: "She was as firm from principle as she was gentle in disposition." This was specially manifested in relation to certain fears, which, she says, "I used to indulge and prove by tears and screams whenever I saw the objects that called forth my alarm. The first was terror of black-beetles, the second of frogs, the third of skeletons, the fourth of a black man, and the fifth of a madman. In order to cure me of my first fear, my mother made me take a beetle in my hand, and so convince myself it would not hurt me. As her word was law, I obeyed her, though with a shrinking frame ; but the point was carried, and when, as frequently happened, I was told to take up a beetle and put it out of the way of being trodden upon, I learned to forget even my former fear." A similar course was adopted in relation to the other objects of her fear, so that she became proud of being able to hold a frog in her hand, and nursed a skeleton as if it were a big doll ; whilst from learning the sorrows of the African race, she acquired quite a love for the blacks, and became an eager advocate for their emancipation ; and, from being compelled to hear her mother's kindly converse with two poor old lunatics who lived near, she gradually grew to pity rather than fear them, and often used to visit the Norwich Asylum on kindly missions of mercy to its unfortunate inmates. An altogether wise procedure this, on the part of her mother, and well worthy of imitation, not only in relation to children, but animals. Such a rational method would rob life of a multitude of terrors to children ; whilst, in the case of horses, who only shy from ignorance, it would be a far more effective remedy than the spur or the whip.

From this altogether charming autobiography of her early days, quite as fascinating (perhaps more) as Mr. Ruskin's "Præterita," I cannot refrain quoting the

following, which seems to me almost perfect in its way : "One of my earliest recollections is of gazing at the bright blue sky as I lay in my little bed, before my hour of rising came, and listening with delighted attention to the ringing of a peal of bells. I had heard that heaven was beyond those blue skies, and I had been taught that *there* was the home of the good ; and I fancied that those sweet bells were ringing in heaven. What a happy error ! Neither illusion nor reality, at any subsequent period of my life, ever gave me such a sensation of pure heartfelt delight as I experienced when, morning after morning, I looked on that blue sky, listened to those bells, and fancied that I heard the music of the home of the blest, pealing from the dwelling of the Most High. Well do I remember the excessive mortification I felt when I was told the truth, and had the nature of bells explained to me ; and though I have since had to awaken often from illusions that were dear to my heart, I am sure that I never woke from one with more pain than I experienced when forced to forego this sweet illusion of my imaginative childhood." This reminds us of poor Tom Hood's childhood fancy of the slender fir-tree tops as being close against the sky. "A childish ignorance," as he acknowledges, but an ignorance with a deep heart of joy !

Unfortunately this autobiography does not go beyond her childhood days. Had it been continued it would probably have been unsurpassed in the English language for vividness and vigor of portrayal. I have spoken of her care for lunatics ; and she tells us that "her attention was drawn away from an interest that was becoming too absorbing, by new sources of occupation and interest. Dancing and French school soon gave another turn to my thoughts, and excited in me other views and feelings." Her instructor in the first of these was one named Christian, who gained such a notoriety for his skill that for years his room was called Christian's room. Long years afterwards Mrs. Opie, accompanied by her husband and a friend, visited the Dutch Church in Norwich ; whilst they were looking round, she found herself rather cold, and began to hop and dance upon the spot where she stood. Suddenly her eyes fell upon the pavement, and she started at seeing the well-known name of Christian graven upon the slab, and she says: "I stopped in dismay, shocked to find that I had actually been dancing upon the grave of my old master — he who first taught me to dance."

This and French, in which she acquired great fluency, and singing, which enabled her afterwards to render her own songs, were the chief occupations of her later youth.

It should perhaps be noted here that although Mrs. Opie ended her days as a member of the Society of Friends, and is generally associated in the public mind with that community, yet she was in earlier times connected with the Unitarian Church. In this respect her course differed from that of Mary Howitt, who began life as a Quakeress, passed thence to Unitarianism, and ended in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. It is scarcely possible to understand Mrs. Opie's career without remembering these early religious surroundings of her life. Dancing and singing would, of course, have been quite out of the question if her youth had been passed, as were her later days, in the Society of Friends. Her course would have been along quieter paths, and her vigorous, fashionable pictures of life, both at home and abroad, would have been impossible.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that a girl with such accomplishments, with a pleasing personal appearance, an animated countenance, eyes soft and expressive, hair abundant and of beautiful auburn hue, waving in long tresses, figure well-formed, carriage free, hands, arms, and feet well shaped—so she has been described—should have had numerous admirers. She owned, indeed, that she had been guilty of the “girlish impudence” of love at sixteen. It was not, however, till she had passed that age by two years that, during a visit to London (1797), the successful suitor came on the scene. She tells of him in the following letter to her friend, Mrs. John Taylor, of Norwich (the mother of Mrs. Austen):—

“Well! a whole page, and not a word yet of the state of her heart; the subject most interesting to me”—methinks I hear you exclaim; patience, friend, it will come soon, but not go away soon, were I to analyze it and give it to you in detail. Suffice that it is in the most comical state possible; but I am not unhappy; on the contrary, I enjoy everything; and if my head be not turned by the large draughts which my vanity is daily quaffing, I shall return to Norwich much happier than I left it. Mr. Opie has (but *mum*) been my declared lover almost ever since I came. I was ingenuous with him upon principle, and I told him my situation and the state of my heart. He said he should still persist, and would risk all consequences to

his own peace, and so he did and does; and I have not resolution to forbid his visits. Is not this abominable? Nay, more, were I not certain my father would disapprove such, or indeed *any* connection for me, there are moments when, ambitious of being a wife and mother, and of securing to myself a companion for life capable of entering into all my pursuits, and of amusing me by his, I could almost resolve to break all fetters, and relinquish too the wide and often aristocratic circle in which I now move, and become the wife of a man whose genius has raised him from obscurity into fame and comparative affluence; but, indeed, my mind is on the pinnacle of its health when I thus feel, and on a pinnacle one can't remain long. But I had forgotten to tell you the attraction Mr. O. held out, that staggered me beyond anything else; it was that, if I was averse to leaving my father, he would joyfully consent to his living with us. What a temptation to me, who am every moment sensible that the claims of my father will always be with me superior to any charms that a lover can hold out! Often do I rationally and soberly state to Opie the reasons why I never could be happy with him, nor he with me; but it always ends in his persisting in his suit, and protesting his willingness to wait for my decision, even while I am seriously rejecting him and telling him I *have decided*.”

The favored suitor was the son of a Cornish carpenter, who desired him to follow his own calling; but when he was only ten years of age his passion for and skill in drawing manifested itself. He covered the walls of his home with pictures of his parents, his companions, his favorite animals. Dr. Waller, better known as Peter Pindar, heard of him, and, when he was about twenty years of age, introduced him to the great world of art in London. He was known as the Cornish wonder, and the street in which he resided was so packed with carriages that he jokingly said he should have to place a cannon at his door to keep the people off. In person he looked like an inspired peasant. His rival Northcote said of him, “other artists paint to live; Opie lives to paint.” The beautiful Mrs. Inchbald says: “The total absence of artificial manners was the most remarkable characteristic and, at the same time, the adornment and deformity of Mr. Opie.” He is perhaps best remembered by his curt reply to a young artist who asked, “Mr. Opie, how do you mix your colors?” “With brains, sir.”

This was the man who, at the age of thirty-six, sought the hand of Amelia Alderson. At the beginning of his popularity he had married a woman of some property, but quite unworthy of him, and from whom he had been compelled to get a divorce. He first met Miss Alderson at an evening party in London, of which we have the following account: "The time was wearing away and still she did not appear; at length the door was flung open, and she entered, bright and smiling, dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet, placed in a somewhat coquettish style, sideways, and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers. Her beautiful hair hung in rich, waving tresses over her shoulders" (where, if fashion would only permit, a woman's hair ought to hang), "her face was kindling with pleasure at sight of her old friends, and her whole appearance animated and glowing. At the time she came in, Opie was sitting on a sofa, beside Mr. F., who had been saying from time to time, "Amelia is coming; Amelia will surely come. Why is she not here?" He was interrupted by his companion eagerly exclaiming, "Who is that? Who is that?" and hastily rising, he pressed forward to be introduced to the fair object whose sudden appearance had so impressed him. He was evidently smitten; charmed at first sight, and, as she says, "almost from my first arrival Mr. Opie became my avowed lover."

She at first resented his proposals. Devoted to her father, who relied so entirely upon her, she was not disposed to entertain the thought of marriage at all; but Cornish indomitability at last prevailed, and on the 8th of May, 1798, they were married at Marylebone Church.

Their wedded life had rather a chequered experience, for fashion, that fickle mistress, who at first had smiled upon, neglected, if it did not frown upon Opie. In their early life together, therefore, as she says, "Great economy and self-denial were necessary, and were strictly observed by us at that time." But later on Opie applied himself to portrait painting — a more lucrative branch of art than he had before followed, and with such success, especially in portraits of women, that after one of the exhibitions, one of his brother artists came up to him, and, after praising his pictures, said, "We never saw anything like this in you before, Opie; this must be owing to your wife."

Whilst the husband wielded the brush, the wife used the pen. From her earliest days she had been given to composition;

now she took up her pen in earnest, so that before long it may be questioned which had the greater reputation — the pictures of John or the poems and stories of Amelia. The year before her marriage she had published anonymously a novel, "The Dangers of Coquetry," which fell flat — the title was enough to kill it. Three years after marriage she published a volume of poems, "Father and Daughter," whilst a year later a second volume of poems appeared, which contained the following lines, which were highly praised both by the *Edinburgh Review* and by Sydney Smith in a lecture at the Royal Institution, at which the authoress was present, and "she used to tell how suddenly the overwhelming compliment came upon her, causing her to shrink within herself and almost to cower down lest those near her might recognize her confusion."

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maid's,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble prayer —
Forget me not! forget me not!
Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express
Nor ever deign to think of me!
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend —
Forget me not! forget me not!

Sir James Mackintosh wrote of these verses from India: "Tell the fair Opie that if she would address such pretty verses to me as she did to Ashburner, I think she might almost bring me back from Bombay, though she could not prevent his going thither." I confess that such compliments make one disposed to think rather lightly of both Sydney Smith and Mackintosh as critics of poetry, but the criticism of poetry is more cultivated now than it was then.

All this literary work was accomplished at a time of great anxiety, for at the end of the year (1801) her husband saw himself almost wholly without employment, and during that time she experienced the severest trial of her married life. Still he continued to paint regularly and so probably "increased his ability to do justice to the torrent of a business which soon after set in towards him and never ceased to flow till the day of his death." Another trouble of her married life was the dependency of her husband, so that often,

very often, he would enter her sitting-room, and, throwing himself in an agony of despondence on the sofa, exclaim: "I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live."

In the following year (1802) a wish she had long cherished of visiting Paris was gratified. Her companions were her husband and three friends. A curious adventure befell her in the Hotel Grand-sire at Calais :

"Opposite to me [she says] sat a gentleman, wearing what I conceived to be a foreign order; and as he was very alert in rendering me the customary table attentions, I ventured to address him in French, but he did not reply. I therefore concluded that he was of some nation in which French was not very generally spoken, and so far I was not very wrong in my conjecture, as my opposite neighbor turned out to be an English messenger, just arrived with despatches from our government; and the order which gave him such distinction in my curious eyes was nothing more than a silver greyhound, which messengers then wore! My mistake exposed me to some good-humored banter; but, perhaps, it was well for me that I made it, as it put me a little on my guard against one of my infirmities — that of forming hasty conclusions."

In Paris they met with Charles James Fox, whose presence in their company procured their admission to a room at the Louvre containing some fine paintings, not usually opened to the public. Here Opie drew the attention of the great statesman to the Jerome of Domenichino, on the merits of which they had a difference of opinion. Fox could not reply to Opie's remarks, but at last exclaimed: "Well, to be sure, you must be a better judge of such points than I am." Mr. Fox afterwards came to sit for his portrait to Opie, who was much bothered with the conflicting opinions of those who watched his work. His sitter whispered to him: "Don't mind what those people say, you must know better than they do."

Mrs. Opie's letters from Paris during this and subsequent visits, especially her descriptions of Napoleon, are charmingly picturesque. It would be difficult to find finer descriptive letters. She had evidently a very clear and decided idea as to what letters ought to be. To Mrs. Taylor she writes: "I find that Mrs. B. admires Cowper's letters very much. In my opinion they have been much overrated. The letters to Lady Herbert are beautiful, but those to Hayley and J. John-

son, abounding as they do in 'dearests' and 'fondnesses' and 'dearest of all dear Johnnies,' make me sick *à la mort!*" Mrs. Opie is never guilty of such phrases.

It was not long before her husband was obliged to be her companion in the use of the pen. On the death of Fuseli, to the surprise of every one, he was appointed professor of painting at the Royal Academy, and had to prepare a course of lectures. This, on account of his defective early culture, was a hard task. Here his wife could, and probably did, assist him. So the years of their married life passed on — he as busy with the brush as she with her pen — she stealing away now and then to visit her father, Dr. Alderson, who missed her so sorely, and her husband ever longing and impatient for her return; both husband and wife growing in power in their separate spheres, the artist painting with a firmer hand and a more finished style, and the authoress giving to the world ever better work, though not perhaps so good as she was capable of, for Sidney Smith once said to her: "Tenderness is your forte and carelessness your fault."

Opie's lectures at the Academy proved a great success. After the delivery of the first "he was complimented by his brethren and escorted home by Sir William Beechey, and appeared to his wife in a flush of joy, and was so elated that he could not sleep. He had visions of leisure and enjoyment, declared that he meant to be a gentleman, keep a horse and ride out every morning." But the dream was never realized. His health began to fail, his vital force declined, and gradually, in spite of the best medical skill, he sank into the arms of death on the 9th of April, 1807, at the early age of forty-six years, and was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's, where, as he saw Sir Joshua Reynolds buried, he had said to his sister: "Ay, girl, and I too shall be buried in St. Paul's." Thus, after nine brief years of married life, the painter-husband and the poet-wife were separated for a season by the great gulf of death.

W. G. HORDER

From The Globe.
THE ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

IN a few weeks another season will be over and past, and those of us who have a sufficient amount of luck, money, and sense combined will be scouring the Con-

tinent with a view to regaining the health wasted in late hours and big dinners in London. Once more we shall give the intelligent foreigner ample opportunities of studying the peculiarities of the English character. Once more the Paris opera-house will be invaded by our compatriots in morning dress, while burly Englishmen stroll down the Boulevard des Italiens in knickerbockers and shooting boots. If rudeness is not the badge of all our tribe, we must at any rate confess that we have a noble disregard for the conventionalities of others, and that we are superbly indifferent to the feelings of Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Italians, *et id genus omne*. We care nothing for the Parisian caricaturist, with his most uncomplimentary cartoons. We scorn him, and he does not even succeed in stinging. Our providential ignorance of the awful German language enables us to listen with equanimity to criticisms on "der tolle Engländer." The phrase is unknown to ninety-nine Englishmen, and to about one German, out of a hundred. They may abuse us, or laugh at us, or shun us; it is all the same as far as we are concerned, and, in the language of the P.R., we still come up smiling.

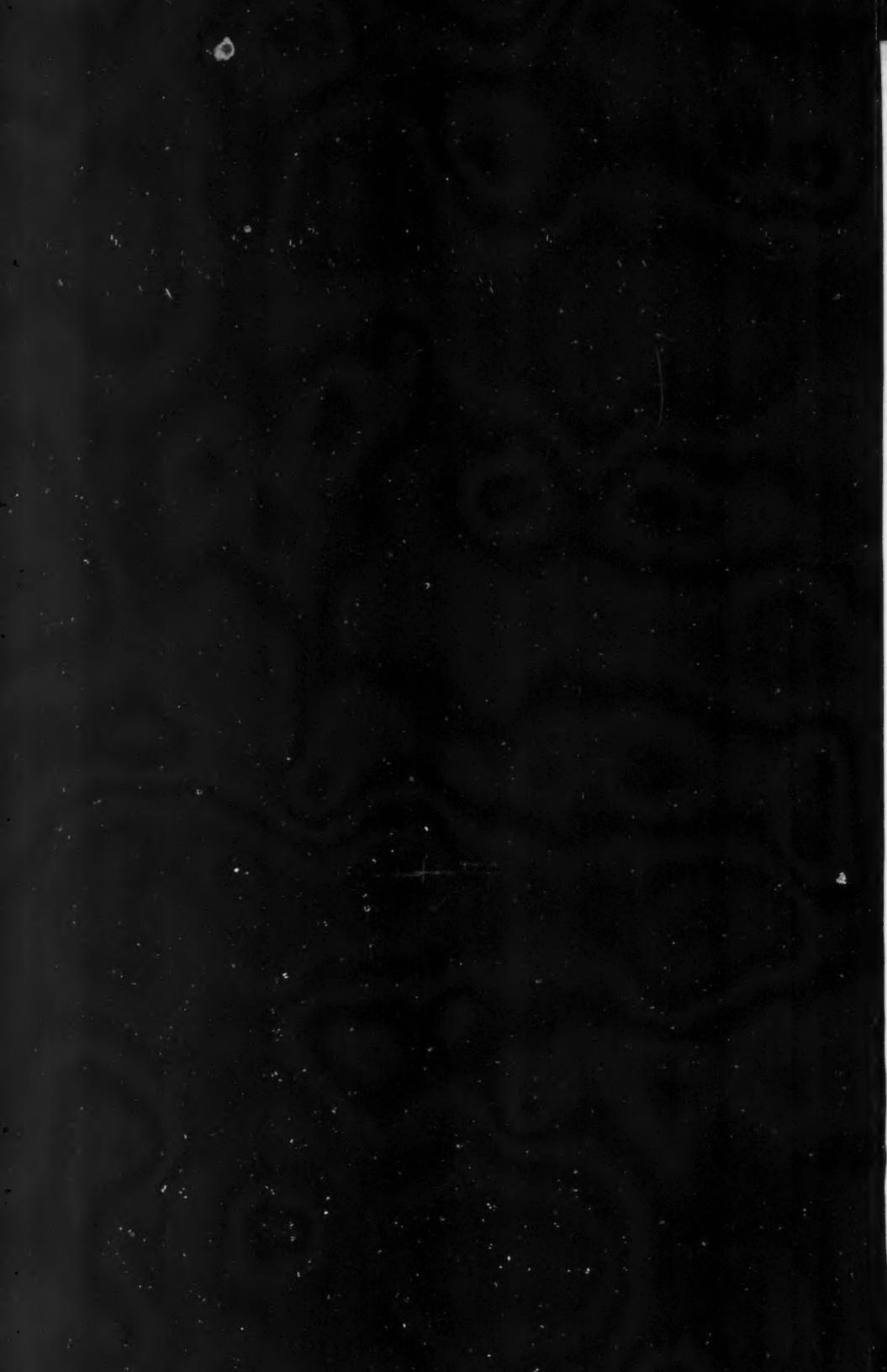
Some of the criticisms of foreigners may perhaps serve to amuse, if not to instruct us. They are mostly directed towards certain salient points in the English character which impress the inhabitants of those countries we favor with our visits more than we are perhaps aware. Our religious notions, our love of independence, our exclusiveness and unsociability, our curious variations between impetuosity and masterly inactivity, our athleticism, our horseyness — all these strike the foreigner and give him occasion to blaspheme. Heine's definition of the English aristocracy, for instance, is summed up in the words "Asses who talk of horses." Emerson declared that in the case of England "the horse was in the saddle and rode mankind." We carry this kind of sanctimonious piety with us in our portmanteau. It is very cheap and no duty is charged. As it has no weight we are in no danger of having to pay extra for our luggage from this cause. Of course every foreigner thinks of Edinburgh on a Sunday with a shudder. Nassau Senior has told how a Jew expired in great agony owing to having made a pun in that city on the Sawbath. Bismarck, too, has complained bitterly of the intolerance shown by the north Britons to those who whistle

on Sunday. One of his jokes against the English relates to our supposed sensitiveness as to our rights. "An Englishman," said Bismarck, "once fought and overcame a sentry in order to hang himself in the sentry-box, that being a right which he considered it his duty to vindicate on his own behalf and that of every free-born Briton." A few years ago, when there was a passion among the English visitors at Homburg for lawn tennis, many of the German residents were scandalized by the scanty attire of the gentlemen and the objectionable character of the English "blazers." They accordingly sent a deputation to the mayor, or burgomaster, or chief civic functionary, to complain of the indecency of the game, and to ask him to interdict it. This request that great and good man refused, on the characteristic ground that if he stopped lawn tennis he would have to prohibit all English games; "for," said he, "all English games are indecent."

The Germans have many stories about our poor innocent selves. One, which may be read in almost any *Anekdotenschatz*, tells of an Englishman in a railway accident who, hearing from a porter that his valet had been killed and subdivided, requested immediately that the portion of the valet on which the right-hand waistcoat pocket was found might be brought to him, in order that he might obtain the key of his dressing-bag. This was phlegmatic. But where his property is concerned, the Englishman can be impetuous too. For instance, it is related that an Englishman was lounging home rather late one night along the Via Condotti at Rome. A man going by jostled against him. The Englishman, whose suspicions were aroused, instantly felt for his watch. It was gone. He saw the fellow hurrying away down the road, and he was not the man to lose a good gold watch without a struggle, so, shouting "Date mi l'orinolo," he started in pursuit. The man he was following took to his heels across the Piazza di Spagna, up the steps, and away towards the Quirinal. At last, fairly run down, he handed over the watch, and made off. The Englishman, proud of his country and himself, returned to his hotel, and there on the table to his stupefaction and surprise saw his own watch! The next day it was known about Rome that a French gentleman had been hunted down by a powerful ruffian and robbed near the Quirinal.

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